



STORIES OF
EARLY AMERICAN
HISTORY



GORDY



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Stories of Later American History
Leaders in Making America
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Causes and Meaning of the Great War
Elementary History of the United States
History of the United States
Our Patriots



The Santa Maria, the Little Flagship of Columbus, with whose memorable voyage American history begins.

STORIES OF EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

BY
WILBUR FISK GORDY

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WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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PREFACE

IN writing this book, no attempt has been made to deal especially with the causal aspects of history. They belong to a later phase of the learner's growth. The earlier stage, for which this book is designed, obtains its ideas of the past most naturally from the pictorial side; that is, from those external features of events which can best be presented through pictures, descriptions, and illustrative stories put together in chronological sequence.

The aim of the author has been to select those interesting and colorful facts identified more or less closely with the lives of strong and masterful men who were the leaders of great movements and the centres of important situations; and then, with the teacher's co-operation, to interpret the material thus selected in such a way as to appeal to the imagination, and through the imagination to the heart and will of the child. Thus will he be helped to make real and living the past—to people it with vigorous flesh-and-blood men and women, thinking, feeling, willing, and acting very much like the men and women about him. He will, so far as his imagination allows, stand by the side of great leaders, feeling the impulse of their ideals and aspirations, sharing in their achievements, and learning from their successes and failures something for use in his own life.

For children of tender years, the material must not only be concrete and colorful, but it must also be presented in language so simple that the thought can be easily grasped. If the author has succeeded in this twofold purpose, "Stories of Early American History" should fulfil its mission.

It is hoped that the fine illustrations and the attractive typographical features of the book will help in bringing vividly before the child's mind the events recounted in the text.

Another aid in making the stories real will, it is intended, be found in "Some Things to Think About." These and similar questions, which will suggest themselves to the teacher, will doubtless serve to help the child in vitalizing the life of the past and connecting it with the present and his own life.

In conclusion, I wish to acknowledge my deep obligation to Mr. Forrest Morgan, of the Watkinson Library, Hartford, and to Miss Elizabeth P. Peck, of the Hartford Public High School, both of whom have read the manuscript and have made many valuable suggestions and criticisms.

WILBUR FISK GORDY

HARTFORD, CONN.

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STORIES OF EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY

CHAPTER I

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

OVER 800 years ago, long before it was known there was such a place as A-mer'i-ca, a war broke out between the peoples of western Eu'rope and those of western A'sia.

The peoples of western Europe were followers of Christ, while those of western Asia were followers of Ma-hom'et. The Ma-hom'et-ans held the Holy Land where Christ had lived, and the Christians wished to get it back.

This war was followed by others. For nearly 200 years they never wholly died down, but the hard fighting was at eight different times. The wars were called the Cru-sades', or Wars of the Cross, because the Christian soldiers wore crosses on their coats.

Millions of men lost their lives in this dreadful struggle, but many lived to go back to their homes in Europe. They told wonderful tales of the strange lands where they had fought, and of the curious and beautiful things they had seen there. They told of beasts and birds, fruits and flowers, peoples, dress, houses, furniture, and customs that seemed very strange.

How do you suppose this made the people feel who had stayed at home? Of course, they also wanted to visit these lands, and many who had never been far from home began to travel to Asia.

They had known nothing of the great world outside of the little place where they had grown up. Imagine how surprised they were to find that the people of the East understood many arts of which they themselves knew nothing.

They found soft, fine silks and other rich cloths to wear, spices which made their food taste better, rugs to warm and soften the floors, and many of the comforts of life.

Wishing to take some of these things back home, they traded for them things they themselves had made. This business of trading kept growing, as time went on. In Ven'ice and Gen'o-a there were merchants and sailors who took a large part in it. Look at your maps and see if you can tell why boys growing up in those cities should take to the sea.

From these two cities great merchant fleets sailed out, and returned loaded with goods from the East. These goods had to be brought on the backs of camels, horses, and mules, all the way from Per'sia, In'di-a, and Ch'i'na, down to the ports where the ships were waiting for them. Picture to yourself long lines of these beasts of burden as they wound along their way to the sea-coast.

At one time there were three main routes by which the

caravans reached the sea. All were costly and full of danger, for it was the custom of the Turks to plunder the caravans or to force them to give up a part of their goods before they would let them go on.

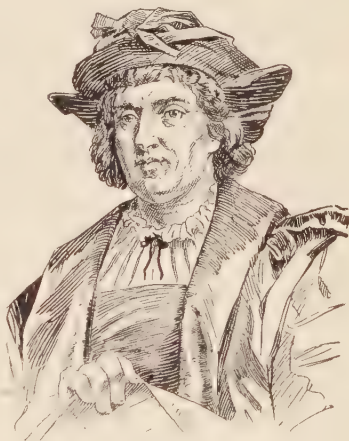
The most northern route led through the Black Sea by way of what is now southern Russia. But in 1453 the Turks captured Con-*stan-ti-no'ple* and cut off this route. This was a hard blow to Genoa, for that city had always used the northern route.

But it was a blow felt by all Europe, for other nations had become eager for a share in the Eastern trade. It happened, too, just when the desire for Eastern goods was growing very fast.

For a long time men had been trying to find a way to reach India, China, and Japan by water, so as to escape the dangers by land. Now they felt that such a route *must* be found.

Por'tu-gal and Spain were the two nations whose sailors went most to sea. So they took the lead in the search for this all-water route.

Portugal set out to find it by sailing down the west coast of Africa. It was very slow work, but at last a brave sea



Christopher Columbus.

captain of that country. Vasco da Gama reached the most southern end of Africa.

He called it the "Cape of Storms." You can guess why. But the King of Portugal said, "It shall be called the Cape of Good Hope." Can you think why he gave it that name?

When Portugal had found her route by sailing south, Spain dared not sail over it herself for fear of trouble with Portugal. So she had to find another way.

The man who showed her how was Chris'to-pher Columbus. He was not a Spaniard. Let us see how it came about that Spain was the



He was fond of playing on the seashore.

country to send him out and get the glory for what he did.

Columbus was born in Genoa. His father was a poor man, who earned his living by making wool ready for the weavers.

We do not know much about the boy Christopher, but we can well believe that he was fond of playing on the

wharves near his home. Here he could see hundreds of vessels coming and going. We may be sure that he spent many hours watching their white sails. Most likely he was fond of the water and learned while he was quite young to swim and to sail boats.

But he did not play all the time. He had work to do like other boys. He learned his father's trade, and he also went to school, where he learned reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and map-drawing. All these were of great use in his later life.

He must have heard older people talk a great deal about the loss of the Eastern trade after the Turks had shut up the Black Sea route, and about the need of finding a new route over the ocean.

YEARS OF TRIAL FOR COLUMBUS

Many years later, when he had become a grown-up man, he went to live in Lis'bon, which, you know, is the capital of Portugal. Here lived one of his brothers, and here, as in Genoa, lived many sailors. Here again he must have heard much talk about finding a water route to India.

Columbus listened earnestly to sailors' stories; he studied maps and charts; he thought a great deal.

It seemed to him that the earth must be round like a globe, instead of flat as many others supposed. He tried to get all the proofs he could of this. He also took many voyages himself.

After many long years of study, he felt sure that he could get to India by sailing straight across the Atlantic Ocean. He would go right in the opposite direction from that in which India lay. "The way to the East is by the West," said he.

If he should be able to reach India in this way, he would prove that the earth was round and would bring the wealth of the Indies to Europe.

The more he thought about this great plan, the more he longed to carry it out. In fact, he thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night.

But he was poor and he had few friends. How could he get money and help to make his great dream come true?

At last he laid his plan before King John of Portugal. But the king would not promise to help him.

Columbus then took his little son Diego (dē-ā'gō) by the hand and started across the mountains to Spain. We may picture father and son hurrying along the rough mountain roads. Columbus could hardly stop to see whether his little boy was tired, so eager was he to find some one to help him.

When he came to a place near the town of Pa'los, he left Diego with an aunt, and set out alone in search of the king and queen, Fer'di-nand and Is'a-bel-la.

At that time a war was going on in the south of Spain between the Spaniards and the Moors. So Columbus had a hard time getting them to listen to him.

At last they gave him a hearing. They had asked a number of wise men to be present. Some of them laughed at Columbus for saying that the earth was round like a globe. Others said, "We believe he is right."

But the king and queen would not help him. Sick at heart, therefore, he planned to leave Spain and go to France.

Up to this time he had failed. He was poor and had few friends. Men said, "He is a crazy dreamer." When he walked through a village with sad face and threadbare clothing, the boys laughed at him.

But Columbus did not give up hope. He had faith in his plans, and believed that sometime he should succeed. He started bravely, therefore, for the court of France, taking Diego with him.

At that time, we are told, Columbus was a fine-looking man. He was tall and strong, and had a noble face with keen blue eyes. His white hair fell in long wavy locks about his shoulders. Although his clothing was plain and perhaps shabby, there was something in his manner that made people like him.

After father and son had walked about a mile and a half, they stopped at the Convent of St. Mary. Perhaps they wanted some bread and water. Just then the good Pri'or of the Convent was passing by and the two men began to talk together.

Columbus reasoned well about his plans. The Prior

listened closely, and then wrote at once to Queen Isabella, who knew him and believed in him as a wise and good man.

This letter proved a help to Columbus, for a little later the queen told him she would furnish him with men and vessels for the voyage.



Santa Maria

Pinta

Nina

The Fleet of Christopher Columbus.

But even with the queen's help, he still had many trials before him. The ocean was unknown. The sailors were afraid to go out far from land upon the deep, dark waters.

In the course of time, however, three small vessels with one hundred and twenty men were ready to start. The vessels were not larger than many of our fishing-boats to-day. The largest was the San'ta Ma-ri'a and was commanded by Columbus. It was about ninety feet long,

and was the only vessel of the fleet which had a complete deck.

A half hour before sunrise on Friday morning, August 3, 1492, the little fleet sailed out of the port of Palos. It was a sorrowful time for the poor sailors and their friends. All believed that the vessels would be lost, and that the sailors would never again see home and family.

When, about a month later, they left the Canary Islands and the furthest land known to them faded from sight, the sailors cried like children.

Fresh worries lay before them. At the end of a week the compass needle no longer pointed to the North Star. Of course, the poor sailors were in great fear.

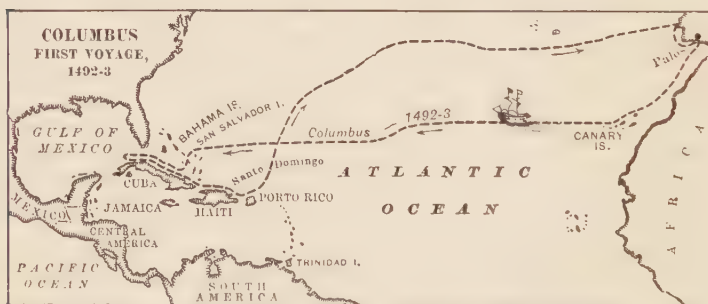
A few days later the fleet entered a vast stretch of seaweed. Again the sailors were much troubled. They feared that the vessels would stick fast in the grass, or run upon rocks lying just below the surface of the water. But when the wind blew up a little stronger, the vessels passed on in safety.

Later on they entered the belt of trade-winds, which blew them steadily westward. They said: "We are lost! We can never see our friends again!" They begged Columbus to turn about and steer for home.

He refused. They became angry, called him crazy, and even wished to kill him. One of them said: "Let us push him overboard some night when he is looking at the stars."

Columbus knew his life was in danger, but he would not give up. He still had faith and hope. The greater the danger, the more firmly he set himself to meet it with an iron will and a high purpose.

At last, on October 11, signs of land such as birds and broken bits of trees appeared. That night no one slept.



The First Voyage of Columbus, and Places of Interest in Connection with His Later Voyages.

Every one was straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the distant shore.

About ten o'clock in the evening Columbus himself saw a moving light in the distance. It looked like a torch in the hand of a man who was running along the shore.

COLUMBUS AND THE NEW WORLD

Early in the morning little boats were lowered, and everybody went ashore. Columbus, dressed in a rich robe of bright scarlet, carried in his hand the royal flag of Spain. As soon as he reached the land, he fell on his knees. With

tears in his eyes he kissed the earth and thanked God for the safe voyage.

Columbus called the dark-skinned natives Indians, because he thought he was in the East Indies. At first the Indians ran into the woods because they were afraid, but soon they came back, curious to learn about these strange visitors.

They worshipped the white men, thinking they were beings from the sky. They believed the vessels were great birds, and that the sails were great white wings.

Columbus called the island upon which he had landed San Salvador, which means Holy Saviour.

Sailing on, he reached the coast of Cuba.

Now he thought he was in Japan, and called the island Ci-pan'go (Japan); and he kept on the lookout for the cities of Asia. In them he expected to find the gold, spices, and jewels he was looking for. But he found no cities; and he found no gold, no jewels, and no spices.

On Christmas morning he had a serious mishap. While it was still dark, one of his little vessels ran ashore on a sand-bar and was knocked to pieces by the waves. Another of his vessels had already deserted the fleet, so now he had but one left.

On January 4, 1493, he sailed for Spain. After a very stormy voyage, on March 15 he entered the harbor of Palos.

It was a joyful day for the people and they stopped all

business to give a welcome to Columbus. His praise was now on every man's lips.

Soon he went to Bar-ce-lo'na, where he was honored by a street parade. King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella sent for him, and when he came into their presence they honored him by rising. As he knelt to kiss their hands, they commanded him to rise and sit with them as an equal.

The idle dreamer had become a great man. Everybody was eager to share his honor and his fame. It was now easy to get the most powerful men in the country to join him on a second voyage.

In September, 1493, he sailed with a fleet of seventeen vessels. This time he had with him 1,500 men, and many of them were from the best families in Spain. They meant to stay in the "Indies" long enough to become rich men, and go back to Spain to live as grandees. They expected to use gangs of the natives to dig gold for them.

On reaching Hayti Columbus built a little town, and then started to explore the new country. But trouble met him on every hand. The Indians were not always friendly, and his own men were often unwilling to obey him. They had not come to do hard, rough work, but to make fortunes at once.

At the end of three years, he sailed back to Spain. During a long and trying voyage all the food on board was used up, so that he and his men almost starved. But at last he reached home.

A few years later he sailed on a third voyage. More troubles were waiting for him. When he reached the little town which he had built in Hayti, he found things were going badly. The Indians were unfriendly, and serious quarrels had broken out among the settlers themselves.

For two long years Columbus tried to make things right, but he could not. At length an officer was sent from Spain to see how things were going in the colony. He unjustly put Columbus in chains and sent him back to Spain.

Queen Isabella sent for him to come to court, and he appeared before her still bound in chains. When she saw him she wept, and he also broke down and wept at her feet.

Having been set free, a few years later he went on a fourth voyage. Again he met trouble after trouble. First, his ship was wrecked, and then he spent a long, painful year of hardship and misery.



Columbus in Chains.

At last he sailed back to Spain, where he arrived only a short time before Queen Isabella died. He lived only eighteen months after this, for he was broken in health and felt that he had little to live for.

On May 20, 1506, he died of a broken heart. Up to the very last he thought he had sailed only to the Indies. He never knew that he had discovered a new world.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did Spain and Portugal wish to find an all-water route to India, China, and Japan?
2. How did Columbus come to believe that he could reach the Far East by sailing west across the Atlantic?
3. Imagine yourself with him on his first voyage and tell all you can about his trials.
4. What land did he think he had reached? What was his great work?
5. What do you admire in Columbus?

CHAPTER II

JOHN CABOT AND AMERICUS VESPUCIUS

JOHN CABOT

AT the time when Columbus sailed on his first voyage, another sea-captain, born in the very same city as Columbus, was planning to sail westward in search of the In'dies. This was John Cab'ot. He was born in Genoa, had his home later in Venice, but was now living in Bristol, England.

He had travelled much, and had spent some time in western Asia, where he had seen a caravan loaded with spices. After he returned to England, he asked King Henry VII if he might go on a voyage of discovery, and the king gave his consent.

But it was not until May, 1497, nearly five years after Columbus had first sailed, that Cabot put out to sea with only one small vessel and eighteen men. He sailed straight west and landed on the coast of Lab'ra-dor.

He was the first sea-captain to reach the mainland of North America, for Columbus did not do this until his second voyage in 1498.

On Cabot's return to England he was called the "Great Admiral." He was treated with much honor. The simple sea-captain now dressed in fine clothing like the noted men of those days.

The following year, with six vessels, he made another voyage. Where he went, what he found, whether he ever came back, we do not know. But it is rather likely that he



John Cabot in London.

went to what is now Flor'i-da. On the strength of what England declared that he had discovered, she at a later time claimed all of North America.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS

From what you have learned, you will probably think that the New World should have been named after Columbus. The reason why it was not can be told in a few words.

After Columbus had led the way, many other explorers sailed for the West. Among them was A-mer'i-cus Vespu'cius.

How many voyages he made, and just when he made

them, we do not know. But it is thought that he sailed along the coast of Bra-zil', or perhaps along a part of the eastern coast of South America lying south of Brazil. He wrote letters also in which he told what he had seen in his voyaging, and what he said in these letters was the first printed account of the mainland of the New World.

The good accounts that Vespuccius wrote of what he had seen were read by German geographers. They liked the accounts because they were so interesting. One of these geographers also supposed that Americus Vespuccius was the first man to discover the New World. So the land that Columbus discovered came to be called America.



Americus Vespuccius.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Who was John Cabot? What was he the first man to do?
2. Why was the New World called America?

CHAPTER III

THE AMERICAN INDIANS

As we have learned, Columbus called the people of the New World Indians. They did not live close together like the people in Europe, but were scattered all over the country. Yet many of them were related, so that really they formed five great groups, or families.

Those which we must know about are the three living east of the Mis'sis-sip'pi River. These were the South'ern Indians, the I'ro-quois, and the Al-gon'quins. Let us take our maps and see where each of these three lived.

The Southern Indians lived, mostly, in a belt lying between the Ten-nes-see' River on the north and the Gulf of Mex'i-co on the south. This belt extended from the Mississippi River clear to the Atlantic Ocean.

The Iroquois Indians were made up mainly of the five tribes, or Five Nations, as they were called, of central New York.

Leaving out the Iroquois, all the other tribes spreading east from the Mississippi and north from the Tennessee clear up into Can'a-da were called Algonquins.

Although the Indians of the different tribes did not look alike, we may say that, as a rule, they had straight

black hair, small black eyes, high cheek-bones, and copper-colored skins.

The women wore their hair long. The men in most of



In each wigwam lived a whole family.

the tribes shaved their heads, except at the top, where they left a scalp-lock.

The dress of the Indian was made largely of the skins of wild animals. Instead of leather shoes, like ours, he wore moccasins made of skins.

The pieces of the moccasin were sewed together, although the Indians had no needles and thread. What do you think they used? Their needles were small sharp fish-bones,

and their thread the tough sinews of deer or some other wild animal.



An Iroquois "Long House."

Many of the Indians lived in little villages. In some tribes these villages

were made up of wigwams, in each of which, small as it was, lived a whole family.

The wigwams were tents, covered inside and out by skins, mats, or bark. Sometimes a bear's hide was used for a door. There was no floor except the bare earth. Here, in the centre of the wigwam, the fire was built, and the smoke was let out through a hole at the top. There was no carpet, but soft skins kept the feet out of the mud or off the frozen ground.

Some tribes had other kinds of dwellings than wigwams. The Iroquois built huge log cabins called "long houses," with side rooms screened off by skins. Some of these houses were one hundred feet long, and as many as twenty families with all their relatives could live in one of them.

The Indians of the Southwest had the strangest dwellings of all. They were made of a-do'be, or clay baked in the sun, and were called pueb'los. The chief ones were many times larger than the "long houses," and the people of a good-sized town of to-day could live in a single pueblo.



Sometimes these strange pueblos were perched high on the cliffs.

There was one large enough to furnish homes for five thousand persons. Indeed, each pueblo was a kind of apartment house, town, and fort all in one.

Some were two stories high, some were four, and others as high as seven stories. Each story was set back a little from the one below it, so that the roof of the first be-

came the sidewalk, or street, of the second, and so on to the top.

Nobody ever called out, "Don't slam the door," to the Indian boys and girls who lived in these pueblos. For everyone had to climb to the top of his home on a ladder and let himself in through an opening in the roof. Can you guess why they chose such a strange way of getting into their houses? It was because they thought that if the entrance was on top, it would not be easy for an enemy to surprise them.

Sometimes these strange pueblos were perched high on the cliffs to make it still harder for enemies to reach them. The people living in these strongholds were called cliff-dwellers. They built on high places because they were weak and afraid of their enemies.

The strong tribes always built their pueblos close to a river or lake. In this fish could be caught, and in the gardens nearby the squaws could till the soil.

THE INDIAN BRAVE AND THE SQUAW

You may sometimes hear it said that the squaw had to do all the work. People who say this believe that the Indian brave was lazy, and wished to make a slave of his wife.

But this is not true, for the man had his own work just as the woman had hers. Hunting and fishing were his share; and any tribe whose men did not keep themselves

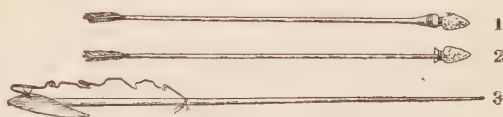
trained for fighting and on the watch for foes would soon have been killed or made slaves of by some other tribe.

The Indian brave was quite willing to make arrows, bows, canoes, and other tools which he might need. But he felt too proud to do what he thought was a squaw's work.

The squaw kept busy about the home. She cooked the food and made the clothing. She tended the patches of corn, melons, beans, squashes, and pumpkins. In doing this she scratched the ground with simple tools like pointed sticks, or stone spades, or hoes. She also gathered wood, made fires, and set up the wigwam.

But the squaw's first duty was to care for the children. She had a queer-looking cradle, or cradle-board, for her little pap-poose', as she called her child, and used it till the baby was two years old or so.

The cradle was some two feet long, and nearly a foot wide. It



1. Hunting Arrow. 2. Arrow for War. 3. Fish Spear.



Shoshonee Bow.



A Papoose Case.

was covered with skins, the outer one forming a pocket which was lined with grass and moss, making a soft little nest where the baby snuggled. She carried it on her back when walking. But when at work she stood it against a bush or rock or hung it on a low bough.

Perhaps you have heard your mother sing to the baby:

“Rock-a-bye baby upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall—
Down comes rock-a-bye baby and all.”

This song came from the Indian mother's habit of hanging the cradle on a tree.

The Indian boy did not go to a school like yours. His lessons were learned out of doors, and his books were the woods and the lakes and the running streams about him. By watching, and listening, and trying, he learned to swim like a fish, to dive like a beaver, to climb trees like a squirrel, and to run like a deer.



An Indian Pipe.

As soon as he could hold a bow and arrow, he was taught to shoot at a mark and to throw the tomahawk.

He had also to learn how to set traps for wild animals

and how to hunt them. He learned to make the calls of wild birds and beasts. For if he could howl like a wolf, quack like a duck, and gobble like a turkey, he could get

nearer his game when on the hunt.

He had to learn how to track his enemies and how to conceal his own tracks when he wished to get away from his enemies. He had to become a brave, strong warrior, and be able to kill his foe and prevent his foe from killing him.

For, after all, the most impor-



A light bark canoe, easily carried

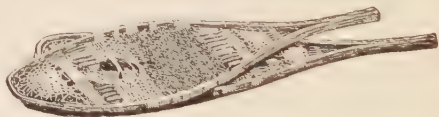
tant part of his work when he grew up was to fight the enemies of his tribe. If he did not make war upon them, they would think he was weak and would attack him. So whether he wished or not, he had to fight.

Most boys like to "play Indian" and surprise those who they pretend are enemies. The real Indians were very

fond of this kind of fighting by ambush. They would hide in the woods and then suddenly rush out upon their foes as they passed or shoot them down.

They learned to keep so perfectly still and so completely out of sight behind the trees or in the bushes and tall grass that the enemy would not suspect there was anybody near. Thus many of the enemy would be killed or captured while they themselves lost very few men.

On returning home, the war party would often bring back captives. Some of these they might adopt into their own tribe, for often their numbers became much thinned by



Snow-shoes.

war. But sometimes the captives were tortured and put to death. Does it not seem strange that any one could enjoy seeing people suffer?

The Indian's way of travelling from place to place was very simple. When he was looking for fresh hunting-grounds or new streams or lakes for fishing, or when he was with a war party, as a rule he went on foot. Sometimes he took a forest path or trail, but it was much easier to travel by water. Then he found his light bark canoe very useful. Two men could easily carry it, and even one could carry it alone over his shoulder.

Its framework was strips of wood, fastened together by tough roots or sinews. This was covered by pieces of bark

sewed together. The whole was made water-tight by filling the seams with pitch and grease. Sometimes such a canoe would hold fifty people.

In the winter, when the lakes and rivers were frozen, the canoe was no longer useful. Then, if the Indian brave wished to go far, he used his snow-shoes. These were two or three feet long and a foot or more wide to keep him from sinking into the snow. They were light and strong, often being made of a maple-wood frame, filled in with a network of deer's hide or sinews.

THE INDIANS AND THE WHITES

Before the white men came, most Indians lived very simple lives as hunters, fishermen, and warriors. They had dogs, but there were no native animals which they could tame to give them milk like our cows, or to draw their loads like our oxen and mules, or to carry them like our horses.

The Indians were at first very much afraid of horses, but afterward used them with much skill in making war upon other tribes and upon the white man.

Before the white man came, the Indian had never seen a sword, a gun, an iron axe, nor a knife made of metal. But he soon learned how to use all these. They made life much easier for him. For a wooden bow, a stone tomahawk or hatchet, or an arrow tipped with bone or stone killed fewer animals and got him much less food than guns and sharp iron tools.

You can see, then, that the coming of the white man greatly changed the red man's life.

But the Indian also changed the life of the white man. For when the early settler went out into the woods to live, he found it best to live much as the Indians did.

He had to learn how to track his foe, and how to conceal his own trail through the forest. He even dressed like the Indian. He lived in simple houses like the "long houses" of the Iroquois, only smaller. He ate such food as the Indians were likely to find in the forest, and like them, he many times suffered for want of food.

Let us not forget, too, that more than once when food was scarce for all, the hungry settlers were kept from starving by the food which friendly Indians shared with them.

Among the strange things which were a part of the life and work of the Indians are the mounds which they built. Many thousands of these have been found in O-hi'o and other states of our country. They were of many shapes, some being large and some small.

Thousands of them have been opened, and many relics found in them. Among these are knives and trinkets, arrow-heads and spades, stone axes and hammers, tools for spinning and weaving, and also water-jugs, kettles, pipes, and urns.

At one time it was thought that the Mound Build'ers were a people who were far more skilful than the American

Indians. But the mounds themselves, with their relics, leave no doubt now that they were the work of Indian tribes. In fact, we know that some of these mounds were built by the Cherokee Indians, after the white people came to America.

So we think that probably all the Mound Builders were just American Indians, like the other tribes which the early settlers found when they came to the New World.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Imagine yourself in an Indian wigwam, and describe what you see. What was the "long house"? the pueblo? Who were the cliff-dwellers?
2. What was the work of the Indian brave? of the squaw?
3. Imagine yourself an Indian boy living in a wigwam, and tell where you learn your lessons and the things you must learn to do.
4. Tell all you can about the bark canoe and the snow-shoe and their use by the Indians.
5. How did the white man change the life of the Indian, and how did the Indian change the white man's life?

CHAPTER IV

VASCO NUÑEZ BALBOA AND FERDINAND MAGELLAN

BALBOA

THE Indians, as you now very well know, were not in the least like the people of India. Their lives were simple, and they had very few things to use or to enjoy. Columbus and those who followed him found none of the spices, jewels, and precious stuffs which they were seeking.

But they did find rich mines of gold and silver, and new fruits and plants. They could also make the natives work for them as slaves to dig ore or till the soil. So they kept coming over to seek their fortunes as mine-owners or planters. Many of them settled on the Isth'mus of Panama'.

Among them was Bal-bo'a. He had heard from an Indian chief that beyond the mountains was a great sea and far to the south a country rich in gold. As soon as he could get ready, he started out in search of both, taking with him about two hundred Spaniards and several hundred Indians. This was in September, 1513.

On his way across the isthmus one morning early he climbed the mountains. At the top he stopped and gazed, for stretching before him far away to the south lay a vast

body of water. He had made a great discovery, for he was the first white man to behold the Pacific Ocean.

But the mountains were so thick with tangled underbrush and the journey was so hard that it took him and his men four days longer to reach the coast. Then, with a sword in one hand and a flag in the other, he walked into the rising tide of the new-found ocean, and took possession of it in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. He named it the South Sea, but you know it as the Pacific Ocean.

Balboa had done more than discover the Pacific, however. He had led the way in finding out that the land which Columbus discovered was not Asia at all. It was a New World.



Balboa.

MAGELLAN

But men did not yet know whether they could reach the land of silks and spices by sailing west. The honor of making sure of this belongs to Fer'di-nand Ma-gel'lan.

He was a Portuguese sea-captain. While a young man, he went to Lisbon just as Columbus had done. There he

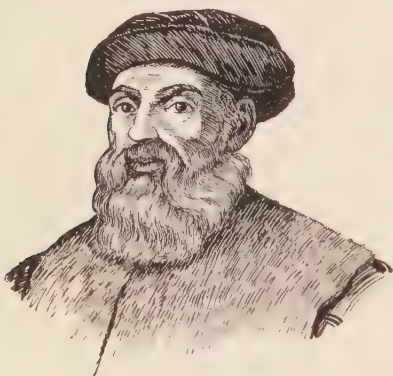
heard much talk about the great voyages in search of the Far East. One of these had been made by Vasco da Gama, who, you remember, in 1497 sailed around the Cape of Good Hope to India.

For several years Magellan himself had been going to India by that route, but it took too long. So, like Columbus, he studied maps and charts to discover a shorter one. He

was sure that, if he could find a passage through America, this route would be shorter.

Of course he had no proper map of America, for it was still almost an unknown land. But he could sail into every bay or river till he found one which went clear through.

The king of his country refused to aid him. So, like



Ferdinand Magellan.

Columbus, he turned to Spain. That country was so glad it had helped Columbus that it dared to take up this new plan. It gave him a fleet of five old vessels and two hundred and eighty men. With these in September, 1519, Magellan put out to sea.

Many dangers awaited him. He had to face heavy storms, the fear that food and water would not hold out, and angry sailors, who were only too ready to do him harm and make the voyage fail in order to get back home.

Not until six months after leaving Spain did he find a well sheltered harbor. There he cast anchor, and there for the first time his men enjoyed a meal of fresh fish in place of salt junk.

But they were still unhappy, for they had little bread and wine left and no hope of getting more. They begged



The Strait of Magellan.

Magellan to turn back, but he would not. Then three of his captains plotted to kill him. But he was more than a match for them all, and the ships sailed forward. Soon one of them was wrecked, but Magellan still pushed on.

At length the fleet entered a new passage. On every side were great mountains. It was what we now call the Strait of Magellan at the end of South America. Again the sailors begged to return. "I will go on," said Magellan, "if we have to eat the leather off the ship's yards." When,

a little later, he passed through the strait and beheld the ocean, he wept for joy.

He had only three ships left, but still he headed westward. Then began a terrible voyage across Balboa's South Sea, which Magellan now called the Pacific because it seemed so peaceful.

But though the ocean was calm, not so the sailors. Magellan's troubles were still thick about him. The worst were yet to come,—terrible hunger, disease, and death. Those who did not die grew sick at heart. They kept alive only by eating the skins and leather wound about the great ropes of the ship.

At last they reached some islands, which are now part of the Phil'ip-pines. But Death was waiting for the great captain. In a fight with the natives the brave Magellan was slain.

Those of his men who still lived pulled up the anchors and sailed for home. The voyage back was a long one. Not until September, 1522, nearly three years after setting out, did they arrive at the home port. Only one vessel, with eighteen starving sailors, got back to Spain.

Such was the sad end of the most wonderful voyage that had ever been made. The glory of it has never faded. It meant a great deal to the men of those times, for there was no longer any doubt that the earth was round. Men now knew that the land discovered by Columbus was not the East Indies, but a New World. You know how they came to call it America.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Who was Balboa, and what did he do?
2. What did Magellan wish to do? What did he discover?
3. Imagine yourself sailing with him on his ship, and tell something of the dangers that were all about him.
4. How did his men suffer? Why did some of them desire to kill him?
5. Why do we call his voyage wonderful? What do you admire in Magellan?

CHAPTER V

HERNANDO CORTEZ

TWELVE years after Columbus made his first voyage to America, a young Spaniard of nineteen, Her-nan'do Cor'tez by name, sailed on one of the fleets bound for the New World. After a stormy voyage, he landed at Cuba, where he lived for some years.

There was something about this man that made others admire him and look to him as a leader. So when a strong commander was needed to head an expedition to Mexico, he was chosen.

He soon made his way to the eastern coast of that country, reaching it in February, 1519. One of his first acts showed that he was bound to have his own way. Soon after landing, he gave the order, "Sink all the ships." This he did to prevent any homesick soldiers from going back to Cuba.

He could not afford to lose one, for he had only 450 men. Yet with this small army, six small cannon, and fifteen horses, he dared to face any danger he might meet.

And he had not far to go before danger came. He soon met a strong tribe which was unfriendly. They at once showed hatred for the white men and fear of the horses.

Later he found that all the natives, even the ruling people of Mexico, the Az'tecs, and their chief, Mon-te-zu'ma, felt the same way, and he soon learned why.

It seems that they believed a story that long ago a fair-skinned being, called the Sky God, had been driven out of the country by the God of Darkness.

During the stay of the Sky God among the Mexicans he had taught them much. When he left them, he said, "Some day I shall return and become ruler of the country." The natives

believed that Cortez was this Sky God, and Montezuma jealously thought, "Now I shall have to give up my power."

So you see why all the Mexicans hated the white-skinned warriors with their coats of iron and their shining swords. Horses they had never seen before, and they thought that the Sky God had brought those monsters from another world.

But the Mexicans were not people who gave up easily. So the first tribe he met soon gathered courage to fight.

Their army and their strange dress excited the wonder of Cortez and his men. They wore quilted cotton



Hernando Cortez.

coats, leather shields, and helmets trimmed with feathers. Their weapons were long bows, arrows tipped with stone,



Horses they had never seen before, and they thought that the Sky God had brought those monsters from another world.

lances, slings, and heavy wooden swords with blades of sharpened stone.

They fought two battles. In each Cortez won the victory, and then the natives felt quite sure that he was more

than a man and that it was no use to fight him. After they had made peace, they sent at least a thousand warriors to march with him on toward the City of Mexico, for this tribe had been enemies of the Aztecs.

A great surprise awaited the Spaniards when they first looked upon the city. They were astonished at its beauty. It stood on an island in a lake. From the shores of the lake three great roadways of solid mason-work, from twenty to thirty feet wide and from four to five miles long, led to the centre of the city. Where these roads met, stood a huge temple. Around it were steps of stone, one hundred and fourteen in all, leading up to an altar on top. Up these long flights of steps, it was the custom for religious processions to wind their way for worship.

As the Spaniards marched along the great roadways, they passed beautiful floating islands, and within the city they found canals which were used as streets. Here, canoes, gliding to and fro, reminded them of Venice, and blossoming gardens on the flat roofs seemed but another part of a beautiful dream.

As soon as they reached the city, Cortez and his men were given quarters in a large building near the great temple.

To weaken the power of his enemies, Cortez invited Montezuma to visit him. Though treated as a guest, the chief was in reality a prisoner. The Aztecs were angry and eager for revenge, yet they feared to make war without the

command of their king, and Montezuma dared not give the command for fear of instant death.

But when at last during a religious festival the Spaniards attacked them and killed many of their leading men, the



Meeting of Cortez and Montezuma.

Aztecs could hold themselves in no longer. They fell upon the Spaniards with great fury, crowded the streets, and swarmed over the roofs as they tried to get at their hated foes.

Cortez forced Montezuma to go out on the roof of his house, and order the Mexicans to stop the fighting. But,

as Montezuma's brother had now been made their leader, they did not obey their former king. With a shower of stones that filled the air, they struck him down. A few days later he died of a broken heart.

After a whole week of hard fighting, Cortez saw that he must leave the city. He tried to steal away at night, but the Mexicans were on the watch and attacked him by land and by water.

The fighting in the dark was frightful. Cortez barely got away after a large part of his army had been killed or captured. The next morning he was so overcome with grief by the loss and suffering of his men that he sat down upon a rock and wept bitterly.

But he did not give up the idea of taking the city. With another army he returned about six months later and again made an attack. After five months the city surrendered, but it was half in ruins. Cortez had conquered Mexico.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What was Cortez trying to do?
2. Why were the Aztecs afraid of the Spaniards? Why did Montezuma fear Cortez?
3. Imagine yourself as having been one of the Spaniards, and tell what you saw when you first looked upon the city of Mexico.
4. Tell what happened to Montezuma after Cortez reached the city.
5. What was the great work of Cortez? What do you think of him?

CHAPTER VI

FRANCISCO PIZARRO

NOT many years after Cortez conquered Mexico, another Spaniard, equally daring, went to Peru. This soldier, who made his name famous, was Fran-cis'co Pi-zar'ro.

He had served under Balboa and had been with him when the Pacific Ocean was discovered. Having heard many stories of the gold and silver lying south of Panama, he was eager to go there.

In 1531, he sailed with three vessels, three hundred and fifty men, and fifty horses. A few months later, he landed on the coast of Pe-ru', and began to march toward Cuz'co, the city where the ruler dwelt. This ruler was called the In'ca.

In Peru Pizarro and his men came upon many strange sights. They saw fields watered by canals, with growing crops of white potatoes, Indian corn, and fine, puffy white cotton, none of which grew in Europe.

Men were pulling the wooden ploughs through the ground, for there were no horses and oxen. Although at times llamas were used for this purpose, they were too small and weak to do much.

The Spaniards wondered at the fine roads. They were

about twenty-five feet wide and almost as level as our rail-roads are to-day. Of course you can see that it was not easy to build such roads in this country with so many hills, high mountains, and deep, broad valleys to cross.

As Pizarro and his men climbed higher and higher on their way over the mountains, they saw here and there beautiful gardens on the mountain-sides. Although the marching was slow and hard, the little army kept going forward.

At last, when the Inca learned that the white strangers were on their way up from the sea, in fear he sent messengers to Pizarro with gifts and words of welcome. Like the Mexicans, the people of Peru thought the horses were strange monsters, and the guns thunder-bolts; so they were afraid.

On meeting Pizarro, the Inca's messengers called him "Son of the Sky God," because they believed he had powers greater than those of human beings.

After these greetings Pizarro marched to the city of Caxamar'ca, and on November 15, entered it with a small army



A Street in Cuzco.

He at once sent De So'to, a trusty captain, with thirty-five horsemen, to invite the Inca to visit him.

De Soto found the Inca surrounded by women slaves, and by chiefs wearing quilted cotton clothes, and carrying



The people of Peru thought the horses were strange monsters.

weapons. They had lances, clubs, bows, slings, and lassoes.

The Inca treated them politely and promised to return the visit the next day.

But when Pizarro learned of the size of the Inca's army, he felt that his small body of men was in great danger.

Brave as he was, do you think he slept well that night? It is more than likely that all the Spaniards expected the next day would be their last.

But Pizarro gave no sign of fear. He hid his men in the



The Inca Making the Mark Upon the Wall.

houses of Caxamarca, and sent a priest to meet the Inca. When the two met, the priest began to make a long speech, and handed a Bible to the Inca. The proud ruler threw it upon the ground, no doubt thinking it was something to harm him.

No sooner had he done this than, at a given signal, the Spaniards rushed from the houses where they were hidden, seized the Inca, and for two hours cut down his followers.

He was shut in a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide. Reaching as high as he could, he made a mark upon the wall. He told Pizarro that he would fill the room with gold up to that mark for the Spaniards, if they would let him go. The crafty Spanish leader agreed to do so.

At once messengers were sent to many parts of Peru, and the promised gold

began to come in. For six months the natives toiled away, bringing, day by day, great loads of gold and silver. At last they got together what would now be worth many million dollars.



The Death of Pizarro.

The greedy Spaniards were greatly pleased. For a time they treated the Inca with kindness. But a little later, fearing his power, Pizarro broke his promise, brought him to trial, and had him cruelly murdered. It was in this way that he made sure of conquering Peru (1533).

But Pizarro was not to enjoy what he had won so unfairly. A quarrel with one of his leaders soon brought him to a bitter end.

One day at noon while he was at dinner, nineteen heavily armed men entered his palace and took him by surprise. He had not time to put on his armor, but he quickly seized a spear and fought like a lion. Although a white-haired man past seventy years of age, he cut down one after another in the fearful struggle he made for his life.

Finally they overcame him, and he fell. Making a cross on the floor, he kissed it and breathed his last. With great joy his enemies shouted, "The tyrant is dead!" Such was the end of Pizarro, the fearless conqueror of Peru.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why was Pizarro eager to go to Peru?
2. Imagine yourself as having been with the marching **Spaniards** and tell something of the strange sights they came upon.
3. What did the people of Peru think of the horses and guns of the Spaniards?
4. Tell how Pizarro treated the Inca. What do you think of such treatment?
5. Why was Pizarro murdered by his own men? Is there anything you admire in him?

CHAPTER VII

JUAN PONCE DE LEON AND HERNANDO DE SOTO

PONCE DE LEON

AMONG the many Spaniards who were seeking fortunes in the New World was Ju-an' Ponce de Leon (pōn'thā dā lā-ōn'). He was governor of Por'to Rí'co about the time that Balboa discovered the Pacific.

His health was poor, and he was no longer young. Having heard of a wonderful fountain of youth on an island not far to the north, he longed to drink of its waters, for he believed they would bring back his health and make him

young again. So he got the consent of the King of Spain to explore and conquer the island on which he had been told this fountain could be found.

Sailing north from Porto Rico, he reached land on Easter morning, 1513, and named the new country



Routes Traversed by De Soto and
De Leon

Flor'i-da, in honor of the day.* Of course he did not find the fountain of youth, and after sailing along the coast for

* Pascua Florida is the Spanish name for Easter Sunday.



Searching for the Fountain of Youth.

many miles with his men, he returned to Porto Rico. We remember him as the man who discovered Florida.

DE SOTO

Most of the explorers sought, however, not youth, but gold. So many sailors had gone back to Spain with wonderful stories of what they had seen and heard that men were now eager to try their fortunes in the new land. Among these was Her-nan'do de So'to.



Hernando De Soto.

You remember that he was with Pizarro in Peru. From there he went back to Spain with great wealth and honor. Hoping to find another land as rich as Peru and Mexico, he asked the King of Spain to make him governor of Cuba. The king did so, and also told him that he might conquer and settle Florida.

De Soto easily found men to join his company. There were 600 in all, among them many gay nobles and daring soldiers.

After reaching Cuba and planting a settlement there, De Soto, with 570 men and 223 horses, sailed for Florida. Two weeks later, in May, 1529, they landed on its western coast.

Very soon their troubles began. The journey was full of

danger. As there were no roads, the Spaniards had to make their way through thick woods and tangled underbrush, by following the trails of Indians and wild beasts. Even these trails often failed, and then they had to cross rivers and wade through swamps, not knowing where they would come out.

The soldiers suffered also from hunger, for they had little meat or salt. Then too they had to fight the Indians much of the time, for, from the start, De Soto had treated them with great cruelty, and they hated the Spaniards bitterly.

After a while, some of De Soto's men lost heart and begged him to turn back. But he said, "We must go forward."

In the course of his march he reached the town of a giant chief who had made ready to receive the strangers. He sat upon cushions on a raised platform. All about him were his followers, and some of them held over his head a buckskin umbrella stained in red and white.

He waited quietly for the coming of the Spanish horsemen, and showed no fear of their prancing steeds. But in spite of his grave dignity De Soto treated him with no respect. He compelled him to supply food, and then go with them to the next town.

Here the Spaniards and the Indians had a bloody battle. It was one of the hardest ever fought in those early days between the white men and the red men. The Spaniards at last set fire to the houses, and by nightfall had

killed all the Indians but three. Two of these fell while fighting, and the last one hanged himself with his bowstring.

The battle was a serious one for the white men also. Many of them were killed or wounded, and most of their



De Soto Reaching the Mississippi River.

clothing, arms, and supplies were burned. In fact, they had to weave long grass into mats for clothing.

They were in a pitiful condition, and longed to return to home and friends. Again they begged De Soto to go back, but he would not.

At last the Spaniards reached the Mississippi, and after crossing it marched north along its western bank, still searching for gold.

The next winter was long and severe, and their sufferings were almost greater than they could bear. De Soto



Burial of De Soto.

himself now gave up all hope. He decided to go to the coast and build ships to send for aid.

When he reached the mouth of the Red River, he went with an Indian chief as a guest to his town. Here, sick at heart and weakened in body, he fell ill with a fever, and died in May, 1542. At first his followers buried his body within the walls of the town, but they feared that the

red men might attack them if De Soto's death became known. So they dug up the body, wrapped it in blankets, and in the darkness of midnight lowered it into the black waters of the Mississippi.

De Soto had come to America to seek wealth and honor. What he found was hunger, hardship, disease, and a grave in the mighty river he had discovered.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What was De Leon trying to find? What important thing did he do?
2. What did De Soto come to America to seek?
3. Imagine yourself as having been with him, and tell all you can about your struggles with hunger, disease, and the Indians.
4. Tell how De Soto treated the giant chief, and what was the outcome.
5. What was the great work of De Soto? What do you think of him?

CHAPTER VIII

JACQUES CARTIER

THUS far nothing has been said about the work of the French explorers. But France was not willing to be left out of the struggle for riches and power. She, too, wanted the gold, silver, spices, and jewels which all were seeking.

Yet it was not until 1534 that she sent an explorer to find the Northwest Passage to China. The name of this bold and skilful sea-captain was Jacques Cartier (zhäk car-ty-ā'). He sailed along the coast of northeastern America, passed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and carried back to France a full report of what he had seen.

The following year he made another voyage, this time up the St. Lawrence. He believed this river to be the passage through America which he was seeking.

He landed at a little Indian village where Que-bec' now stands.

The Indians did not want their rivals up the river to share in what the white men had taught them. So they told



Jacques Cartier.

absurd stories of awful tempests and islands of floating ice to frighten him out of going further. But he pushed on.

On his way upstream he came to another Indian vil-



Cartier Arriving at Montreal.

lage with a very steep hill back of it. He named it Montre-al', which is French for "royal mountain."

Here the Indians flocked down to the shore, all eager to welcome the white strangers. They danced and sang, and brought gifts of fish and corn.

After the Frenchmen had landed, the Indian women and children crowded about them, feeling in wonder of the white men's beards and touching their faces.

Then the warriors brought their sick chief and placed

him on the ground at Cartier's feet to be healed by his touch.

After a brief stay, the French went back to Quebec. There they spent a terrible winter, losing twenty-five of their number. At one time only three or four were well enough to care for the sick. As the ground was frozen so hard that they could not dig graves, they hid the bodies of the dead in the deep snow-drifts.

In the spring after this awful winter, Cartier was glad to go back to France. Five years later he tried again to plant a colony at Quebec, but again he failed.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What was Cartier trying to find?
2. Go with him in imagination up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and tell what the Indians did when the Frenchmen landed.
3. How did Cartier and his men suffer during the following winter in Quebec?
4. Cartier did not find the Northwest Passage. Did he fail in any thing else?

CHAPTER IX

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

AFTER the conquest of Mexico and Peru, Spain got from them a very great quantity of gold and silver, which she spent in making wars upon other nations. She had a strong desire to crush England, and bring that country under her power.

When English seamen were captured by Spanish seamen, some were thrown into dark prisons, some hanged, and others burned to death at the stake. You will not need to be told, then, that Englishmen hated Spain, and no one hated her more than did Fran'cis Drake.

He was a great sea-captain. He spent most of his life on the sea, and for many years fought against Spain, doing all he could to weaken her power.

He made his first voyage to America as pilot for Sir John Haw'kins. While they were on the coast of Mexico, Spanish vessels suddenly swooped down upon them one day, took their gold and silver, and destroyed all but two of their ships.

Of course, Drake was very angry. He became more bitter than ever against the Spaniards, and began to lay plans to attack their settlements and to capture their gold.

On one of his voyages he sailed to Panama, and while there he went across the Isthmus. One day the natives took him to the top of a hill, and from under the branches of a large tree he gazed upon the vast waters of the Pacific.

He was the first Englishman to look upon that ocean. In awe he fell upon his knees, and prayed that God would let him go out upon that water. For he knew that the Spanish ships were sailing

there and gathering gold and silver to carry back to Spain.

It was several years before he could make another voyage to the New World. Then by the help of some wealthy friends, he got together a fleet of five ships. They were richly fitted out. His table was set with dishes of gold and silver, and he himself dressed in fine clothes.

The fleet sailed in November, 1577. After being nearly



Young Drake Watching Vessels Put Out to Sea.

two months out of sight of land. Drake and his men reached the coast of Brazil. Sailing along the coast they met with

so many severe storms and dense fogs that they were often forced to turn back, and two of their vessels were lost.

In August of the next year the three vessels that were left sailed into the Strait of Magellan. Here for two long weeks they were tossed about by storms and head-winds.

They feared their

vessels might be dashed to pieces; but as Drake was brave and skilful, they passed safely on.

It was a time of trial and heavy loss. One of the vessels deserted, and after a while another was lost. Now only the flag-ship, the Golden Hind, was left; but Drake would not turn back.

After sailing through the Strait, there were no more



Drake Sees the Pacific Ocean for the First Time

storms. Then Drake went northward, passing along the western coast of the new continent, South America.

Things looked brighter now, for he began to find the Spanish treasure he was seeking. In one harbor he captured a Spanish ship loaded with wine and gold, and in the harbor of Lima, he came upon Spanish ships lying at anchor, and took from them silks, linen, and a chest of plate.

But he did not stop long, because he heard that a vessel loaded with treasure had just sailed out of the harbor for Panama. Eagerly he



A Spanish Galleon of the Sixteenth Century.

started after her, promising a golden chain to the sailor who should first sight the Spanish vessel.

At last one of his men saw her, trying hard to escape. After a hot chase, Drake overtook her and obtained a large quantity of gold and jewels.

He now began to think of sailing back to England. But it did not seem wise to return by the same way he had come, because the Spaniards might be lying in wait for him. For this reason he made up his mind to sail west and reach England that way.

On his homeward voyage, he stopped at the Philippines

and other islands of the Pacific, where he traded with the natives and took on fresh food.

Having explored these islands, he sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, and after several narrow escapes he reached the



An English Ship of the Fifteenth Century.

home port early in November, 1580. His voyage had lasted nearly three years.

At first the queen would not let him land, because in capturing Spanish ships Drake might have brought on a war with Spain.

But later he was treated with great honor. He was invited to the Queen's court, and she herself came to dinner on board his ship, and made him a knight, so that from that time, he was called *Sir Francis Drake*. He was the second man and the first Englishman to sail entirely around the world. Can you think who had done this before?

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did Drake and other Englishmen hate Spain?
2. What did Drake do soon after he looked upon the Pacific for the first time? Why?
3. Tell what you can about Drake's stormy passage through the Strait of Magellan.
4. In what ways did he try to harm the Spaniards?
5. Why did the Queen of England make him a knight?
6. What great thing did he do? What do you admire in him?

CHAPTER X

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

ONE of the foremost Englishmen that lived in the time of Drake was Wal'ter Ra'leigh (raw'li). He was born in a town near the sea in the southern part of England. He was a fine-looking lad, full of life and fond of all out-door sports. In his home town lived many old sailors, who could tell the bright, wide-awake boy stirring tales of life at sea and of hard fights with Spaniards.

While he was still a youth of less than twenty years, he went to France and became a soldier; and later he joined the army of the Dutch in Holland, who were at war with Spain.

At the age of twenty-seven, a few years after his return from Holland, he attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth by a simple act of courtesy. One day as the queen with her attendants was passing along, Raleigh happened to be standing by.

On seeing her stop when she reached a muddy spot, he quickly took off his beautiful velvet cloak and spread it across the way for her to walk upon. As a queen and a woman, this won her heart and made her a friend of the young Raleigh, who soon became one of the leading men in her court.

He was now a tall, handsome man, with dark hair, a high color, and blue eyes. He dressed in a striking way. On his hat he wore a pearl-covered band, and a black feather



Varian -
Raleigh Spreading His Cloak Before Queen Elizabeth.

decked with jewels. His shoes, also, which were tied with white ribbons, were ornamented with gems. His richest suit of armor was made of silver.

In those days rich men dressed much more brilliantly than women. Although Queen E-liz'a-beth herself had

1,075 dresses decked with jewels of great value, and owned eighty wigs of various colors, yet the men of her court outshone even her.

While Raleigh had much money, he did not waste it. In fact, he almost always knew how to spend it wisely. As the story goes on, you will see that we Americans owe him much for what he did in trying to plant an English colony in the New World.

In 1578 he joined his half-brother, Sir Hum'phrey Gil'bert, in a voyage to New'found-land with the purpose of planting a settlement on the coast of America. But this plan failed.



Sir Walter Raleigh.

Six years later Raleigh fitted out two vessels which he sent over to the New World to find out something about the country. On their return the men in charge of these vessels said they found the Indians friendly and the land beautiful.

The queen was so pleased with this report that she said the new land should be called Vir-gin'ia in honor of herself, the Virgin Queen.

The next year Raleigh sent out a colony of 108 persons. Sir Richard Gren'ville was commander of the fleet, and Ralph Lane was to be governor of the colony.

They landed at Ro'a-noke. From the first they were

most unwise, because they treated the Indians so harshly that they became very unfriendly.

And the ill-will of the Indians was not the only trouble the colonists had. Food became scarce, and Grenville had to sail to England for more.

While he was away, Lane started out to explore the Roanoke River, of which he had heard wonderful tales from the Indians. "This stream flows through lands rich with gold and silver," they said. "Its waters come out of a fountain which is so near the South Sea that in time of storm the waves break over into the fountain. Near this stream also," they added, "is a town surrounded by walls made of pearls."



Queen Elizabeth.

But Lane and the men who went with him found no such fountain or town. What they did

find was great hardship. Their food became so scarce that they had to eat dog flesh to keep themselves alive.

When Lane returned, all were sick at heart, the future looked so dark. But about this time, Sir Francis Drake with 23 vessels cast anchor near the island. He had come from the West Indies, where he had been plundering Spanish settlements, and was on his way to England.

He agreed to leave food and a part of his fleet with the

colonists. But when a heavy storm came up, the settlers in their fear begged to return to England, and he took them all on board.

They had found no gold, but they took back to England things of far more value. These were sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and tobacco.

Long before this first cargo had arrived in England, Grenville had returned to Roanoke with food. Finding no one there, he left 15 men and sailed back home.

RALEIGH'S SECOND COLONY

Most men would by this time have lost courage, but Raleigh was too strong and brave to give up. Two years later, he made another attempt. This time he sent Captain John White, with 150 men, 17 women, and 11 children. The company landed at Roanoke but could not find the 15 men left there by Grenville.

Like the first colony, in a short time these settlers made enemies of the Indians. Very soon, also, food became scarce and they begged Captain White to go back to England for more.

He did not wish to leave the colony. Nor did he like to say good-by to his little granddaughter, Virginia Dare, the



Raleigh's Various Colonies.

first white child born in the New World. But he knew they must have food, so he started.

Before he left, the settlers agreed that if they should leave the place for any reason, they would cut into the bark



Finding the Name Carved Upon the Tree.

of a tree the name of the place to which they were going. They said also, "If we are in trouble, we will make a cross above the name."

White reached home just as his countrymen were preparing to meet the attack of the great Spanish fleet, the "Ar-

ma'da." To defend herself, England needed every ship that her seamen could get ready. So the two small vessels which Raleigh had fitted out for his colony were held for this great sea-fight.

Almost three years went by before Captain White could return to Roanoke. When he at last arrived, not a single person was left. He found only some chests of books, some maps, and some fire-arms.

You may be sure that he lost no time in looking for the message on the tree. He found "Cro-a-to'an" cut in capital letters, but no cross.

Now Croatoan is the name of an island near Roanoke. White therefore begged the captain of the vessel on which he was sailing to carry him to this island. But the weather was so stormy that the captain would not do so.

What became of the lost colony, no one has ever learned. Five times Raleigh sent out men to look for it, but he never heard from it again. Years afterwards it was found that four men, two boys, and one girl had been adopted into an Indian tribe. Very likely the rest of the settlers were killed by the Indians.

Raleigh's work in America was over. Although he had failed to plant a colony, he had done something better. He had taught the English that they should not value the New World so much for the gold and silver they might find in it, as for the homes they might build there for themselves and their children.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell how Raleigh spread his cloak across the way for Queen Elizabeth to walk upon.
2. Tell something about how Raleigh and the queen dressed.
3. In what ways did the men of Raleigh's first colony act unwisely?
4. What came out of his first attempt to plant a colony? What out of his second attempt?
5. Raleigh did something better than plant a colony. What was it? What do you think of him?

CHAPTER XI

STORIES OF EARLY VIRGINIA

TWENTY years passed by after Sir Walter Raleigh's colony came to such a sad end before any one tried again.

Then a group of merchants, nobles, and sea-captains, called The London Company, made another attempt to start a settlement in the New World. They hoped that the settlers might make the company rich by finding gold and silver, as the Spaniards had done, and by building up trade.

As a beginning, the company sent out 105 men. These set sail from London on New Year's Day, 1607, in three frail vessels.

But they were not the right kind of men to settle a new country. About half of them were men who had never done any rough, hard work, such as cutting down trees and chopping wood. They called themselves "gentlemen," and they expected to come over to America and pick up a fortune without work. Then they would go back to England and live at ease the rest of their lives.

Their voyage across the ocean was a long one, and it was well that they did not know what dangers and hardships awaited them. They sailed down to the Canary Islands

and from there to the West Indies, where they stopped several weeks.

It took them about four months to make the journey, and at the end their food was nearly gone. They had intended to land at Roanoke Island, where Raleigh's colony had been. But a storm drove them out of their course, and they entered Ches'a-peake Bay.

From here they sailed up a beautiful river with the flowers of a southern May blooming on its banks. They named it the James, in honor of the King of England.

Fifty miles from the mouth of the river, the voyagers landed and, after looking about, picked out a place in which to settle down, naming it after their king, James'town.

You can imagine that when people come to live in a new land, there is a great deal to do. The first thing was to make some sort of shelter. Some of them quickly put up rude huts covered with bark or turf, some made tents of old sails, and some merely dug holes in the ground.

Going to church did not mean for them going indoors, for their church had only an old sail for a roof, a plank nailed up between two trees for a pulpit, and logs of wood for seats.

You boys and girls who like to camp out may think all this must have been great fun. But living in this way is not so pleasant if one has to do it all the time.

Before they were fairly settled, trouble began. It was very hot in the new country, and the damp, unhealthy air

rising from the undrained swamps brought disease. Many of the settlers fell ill and tossed about on their rough beds in high fever. Sometimes three or four died in a single night.

Then, too, food became so scarce that each man had only a cupful of mouldy wheat or barley to last all day.

To make matters even worse, the Indians were unfriendly. Very soon after the white men came, two hundred redskins had attacked them, killing one and wounding eleven of their number.

After that, the settlers took turns in acting as watchmen. Each man had to be on guard every third night, and lying on the damp, bare ground caused more illness. Sometimes there were not five men strong enough to carry guns.

JOHN SMITH AND THE INDIANS

During the summer about half the colonists died. Perhaps none would have lived but for one brave and strong man. This was John Smith.

According to his story, which, however, not everybody believes, he had already passed through many dangers in foreign lands, often narrowly escaping death.

He had returned to England from the war with the Turks just in time to join these men coming to Virginia. Being fearless and quick to think what to do, he proved a great help to the colonists during this hard summer.

When, however, the cooler days of autumn set in, the

future looked much brighter. There was more food and less sickness. Game began to run in the woods, their garden vegetables ripened, and water-birds and fish were plentiful.



John Smith.

Now that the colony was in better condition, Smith thought he ought to be looking for the passage to the "South Sea," as the London Company had ordered them to do.

You see, men were still searching for the shorter route to the East, and many even then believed that the Pacific Ocean lay just beyond the mountains west of Jamestown.

It was December when Smith started out to explore, and the weather was cold. After some days, he reached the Chick-a-hom'i-ny River.

When the water became too shallow for his boat, Smith changed into a light canoe and with two white men and two Indian guides paddled on upstream.

Before long they landed. Then Smith left the white men in charge of the canoe, and with one of his Indians pushed his way into the forests. Soon they were set upon by two hundred Indian warriors, and Smith was captured.

You may be sure he had an exciting story to tell, when he got back, of what happened to him during the next few weeks.

He said that the Indians first tied him to a tree and

were about to shoot him. But to save his life, he pulled out an ivory compass and showed it to them, in this way arousing their curiosity. They looked at the needle moving about under the glass and tried to touch it. When they could not, they were puzzled.

Smith then wrote a letter to his friends at Jamestown, telling them of his capture, and sent it by some of the Indians. They could not see how the white man was able to make the paper talk. Thinking that he must be more than human, they spared his life.

The Indians took Smith around to visit many of their villages, and at last to their chief, Pow-ha-tan'.

This old chief lived in a "long house" on the York River fifteen miles from Jamestown. He was tall and strongly built. His face was round and fat, and his thin gray hair hung down his back.

He was dressed in a robe of raccoon skin, and sat before the fire on a sort of bench covered with mats. Near him were young Indian maidens. At his right and at his left were warriors, and close to the wall on either side sat a row of squaws.

What do you think happened next? Some of the warriors placed two stones upon the ground, seized Smith, and laid him down with his head upon the stones. Then with clubs in their hands and arms raised they stood ready to kill him.

But just at that moment, Smith tells us, the chief's little

daughter, Po-ca-hon'tas, rushed forward and fell upon his body. She threw her arms about his neck and begged her father to spare his life. Powhatan did so and adopted Smith into the tribe. This was all according to an Indian custom which was sometimes followed to save a prisoner's life.

Three days later, Smith was allowed to return to Jamestown. He had been away about two weeks. When he got back, he found the settlers were out of food. But that very day Captain Newport returned from England with fresh supplies and with one hundred and twenty new colonists.

Pocahontas also, along with a band of Indian braves, soon came to the settlement bringing baskets of corn, wild-fowl, and other kinds of food. What a good friend and peace-maker this little maid was!

The following summer Smith explored the Potomac River and various parts of Chesapeake Bay. He sailed 3,000 miles and made some very good maps of the country. On his return to Jamestown (September, 1608), he was made president of the council.

Not many weeks later, Jamestown was again in trouble. The Indians had turned against the settlers. You see, Powhatan was afraid that if white people kept coming, his people would, before long, be driven from their hunting-grounds. So he planned to get rid of the Englishmen.

He thought that by refusing to give them corn, he could starve them out. Smith, knowing well that the settlers

must make a brave stand, with some forty armed men went to Powhatan's village and said, "We must have corn."

"You can have it," said Powhatan, "if for every basketful you will give me an English sword." Smith at once refused, but he compelled the Indians to carry corn on board his boat.

Although the old chief acted as if he were friendly, he was all the time planning to murder Smith and all his men. But again little Pocahontas proved herself a friend to the white man. For that night, at the risk of her life, she came to Smith in the darkness and told him of



Pocahontas.

his danger. The next morning Smith sailed away unhurt.

But as he needed more corn, he stopped at another Indian village. Suddenly he found that hundreds of warriors with weapons were surrounding him. Boldly he seized their chief by the scalp-lock, and putting a pistol to his breast cried, "Corn or your life!" Then the Indians brought Smith all the corn he needed.

In this way Smith managed the Indians. It was well for Jamestown that he could manage the settlers also. For not long after he had brought back corn from the Indians, the colony had to face a new danger. Swarms of rats, which had been brought over in the ships, were eating up what little food they had.

When this was discovered, Smith declared: "To save ourselves from starving, every man must turn to and help by working. He who will not help shall not eat." And every man had to obey the new rule.

Although the lazy settlers did not like it, they set to work cutting down trees, building houses, clearing up the land, and planting corn.

As we should expect, the outlook grew brighter. If Smith had stayed with them, we may well believe the colony would have prospered. But as he had received a wound which would not heal, he had to go back to England to have it treated.

"THE STARVING TIME" AND WHAT FOLLOWED

When he left, Jamestown had five hundred settlers. Shortly after he had gone the Indians began to rob and plunder the settlement, even killing some of the settlers.

Cold weather set in, and then there was much sickness and suffering. Sometimes several died in a single day. To make matters worse, before the end of the winter there was no food.

The starving men tried in vain to live on roots and herbs, and then were driven to eat their dogs and horses. At the end of this dreadful winter, which was called "the starving time," only sixty of the five hundred men were left alive.



Landing of Lord Delaware.

Late in the spring a little vessel arrived from England with more men. They found the settlers so weak that they could hardly walk and quite unable to do any work. But oh, how glad they were to see friends!

As the ship brought little food, they all decided to sail away to England. Before they got out of the mouth of the James River, however, they met Lord Del'a-ware. He was the new governor, and had come with three ships loaded

with men and supplies. So they turned back, and the colony was saved.

Lord Delaware made wise laws, and everybody seemed ready to do his part. But just as they were becoming hopeful once more, the governor had to go back to England because he was not well.

Sir Thomas Dale was left in charge of the colony. He was a stern ruler, but he made one very good change. Ever since coming to Jamestown, the colonists had kept up the foolish plan of having one large storehouse which they used in common. That is, every man put in what he raised, and took out what he needed.

As you might expect, the lazy men let the others do the work for them. But by the new plan, each settler was to have three acres of land for himself and was to turn into this common storehouse only six bushels of corn a year. The rest of his crop he could use as he pleased.

This was much fairer. The lazy men had to get to work or starve, while the good workers raised so much that the colony after that not only had all it needed but could sell to the Indians.

Another change that worked well was a new way of making laws. Up to this time the settlers had had nothing to do with managing the affairs of the colony. But in 1619 a new charter allowed each settlement (there were now eleven) to send two men to an *assembly* to help make laws for all.

Now that each man could keep for himself what he earned and have a share in making the laws, a better class of settlers came to Virginia. Men with families were willing to take their chances in the new country.

Up to this time most of the men who came over were not married. Of course they expected to remain only a while and then return to England. But if they had their own homes they would be likely to settle for good in Virginia.

Early in 1620 the London Company sent out a new kind of cargo. It was ninety young women to become wives of the settlers. Each settler, however, had to win the consent of the maiden he chose for his bride. When he had done so, he paid the company one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, which was the cost of her passage from England. This all seems queer to us, but the plan worked finely, and many happy homes were started.

The planters now had good reasons for being pleased with their new life. They were making money rapidly by raising tobacco, and they were all the time feeling safer and stronger as a colony because their numbers were growing larger.

AN UPRISING OF THE INDIANS

By 1622 the settlements extended from the coast along the James River up to where Richmond is now. They spread out, making a belt five or six miles wide on each side of the river.

In some places the settlers had put up thick-walled block'houses and pal'i-sades, or rows of stakes, as a defence against attacks from the Indians. But so far no attacks had been made.



Jamestown, 1622.

17

For years settlers and red men lived in peace and goodwill with one another. The settlers freely visited the Indian villages, and the Indians were welcome in the homes of the white men. To make the friendship even stronger, the Indian maiden, Pocahontas, married one of the leading white men, John Rolfe.

But a change was about to take place. After Powhatan died, his brother became chief. He at once began to work in secret for the murder of all the white settlers in Virginia.

The plan was that on a certain day all the settlements were to be attacked at the same hour. But until the time came, all the Indians were to pretend to be very friendly.

Even on the morning when the outbreak took place, they carried game to the settlers' houses and sat down as friends at their tables.

But when the hour of eight o'clock came, the Indians set upon them and shot or struck dead every white person within reach, in field or shop or even at the breakfast tables where they had been eating as guests. Before the day closed, they had slain over four hundred settlers and left some seventy plantations without a living soul upon them. There was hardly a household of which at least one member was not killed.

How do you think the white men felt at such base treatment? Of course, they arose in their might, and hunted down the Indians like wild beasts, killing them by hundreds. After conquering them they went back and took up the work of peace once more.

TOBACCO AND THE PLANTATION

They had found that the most money could be made by raising tobacco, so they planted many acres of it. But as tobacco would not grow year after year in the same soil, the planters had to own a great deal of land, that is, large plan-ta'tions.



A Virginia Planter.

To care for these plantations, many workers were needed. To meet this need poor boys and girls were brought over from England and bound to service until they should grow up. Later on men came who had agreed, before starting,

to work a certain number of years for the man who paid their passage. These were called indentured servants.

Until the promised number of years was up, they could be sold by their masters, just as horses, tobacco, or anything else could be. But when they had worked off their debt, they became free and



Vessel at Wharf Receiving Tobacco.

could hire out. Some, by saving their wages, after a time bought plantations of their own.

Finally some negroes were brought to Virginia. Twenty came from Africa in a Dutch vessel (1619) and were sold as slaves. But for a long time the number did not increase very much.

There were many rivers in eastern Virginia, and each planter tried to secure a plantation facing one of them.

There he could have his own wharf and load his tobacco, for market. If the stream was so shallow that a vessel could not sail up to the wharf, the tobacco was loaded on rafts and pushed downstream.

Sometimes casks filled with tobacco were rolled down to the landing over what were called "cor'du-roy roads," made of tree-trunks laid side by side in the mud. Then again the casks were pulled to the wharf by horses or oxen.

When the vessel which took the tobacco to England came back, it brought such things as chairs and tables, pots and kettles, axes, hoes, ploughs, and clothing. In fact, for years after Jamestown was settled almost everything that the planter needed for his house and his plantation was brought from England by vessel to his wharf.

Among the indented servants were masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, sawyers, spinners, and weavers. There were also coopers, who made the casks in which the tobacco was shipped. So before long, the simpler things needed could be made at home.

The plantations were so large and so far apart, that no large towns grew up. But the many rivers and smaller streams made it possible for the planters to visit one another. If they could not go by water, they were very likely to ride on horseback over bridle-paths through the forests.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did men of the London Company make another attempt to start a settlement in the New World?
2. Imagine yourself living in Jamestown that first summer, and tell all you can about the trials of the settlers.
3. Go in imagination with John Smith to the "long house." Tell what Smith saw as he entered the house, and also how little Pocahontas saved his life.
4. In what ways was she afterward kind to John Smith and the Virginia settlers?
5. Go in imagination with John Smith when he went to the Indians after corn, and tell what happened.
6. Tell what you can about what Governor Dale did to do away with the common storehouse. Why was his plan a good one?
7. Why did the Indians attack the settlement?
8. Why did the Virginia settlers raise so much tobacco and live on plantations? Why did most of the plantations face some river?

CHAPTER XII

STORIES OF EARLY MARYLAND

AT the time when the Jamestown settlers were having their hardest struggle with disease, famine, and Indians, the Catholics in England were also having a hard time. Some of them were fined and some of them thrown into prison for not obeying the laws about public worship.

One of their number, George Calvert, Lord Bal'ti-more, resolved to plant a settlement in the New World where the Catholics could worship God in their own way without being punished. King James was his friend and gave him permission to plant such a colony in New'found-land; but it was too cold there.

Lord Baltimore then got the consent of the new king, Charles I, the son of King James, to plant a colony in the lands lying north of the Po-to'mac.

In November, 1633, two of Baltimore's vessels, the Ark and the Dove, sailed from England with between two and three hundred settlers. Only twenty of these called themselves "gentlemen"; the rest were used to work. They had with them a good supply of food and tools.

After a voyage of over three months, and a few days of rest at Point Comfort in Virginia, they reached the Potomac.

Near its mouth they landed on a little wooded island, and planted a cross as a sign that it belonged to a Catholic people.

The settlers were delighted with the beauty of the scenery, the blossoming river-bank, the strange trees, the wild grape-vines, the flocks of wild turkeys, and the birds of bright colors.



George Calvert (Lord
Baltimore).

Friendly Indians, crowding the banks, gazed in wonder at the huge ships, scooped, they thought, like their canoes, out of single tree-trunks. They wondered where such great trees could grow.

Sailing a few miles up the Potomac, the settlers entered a broad, inviting bay, which proved to be the mouths of some little streams. There was a good landing near its head, and they chose it for their first settlement. They named it St. Mary's, and the bay St. Mary's "River." The colony Lord Baltimore later called *Mary-land*, after the Queen, *Hen'ri-et'ta Ma-ri'a*.

They found the Indians friendly, and bought from them a tract of land, paying for it with axes, hoes, and cloth. Of course you know the Indians could not use money.

These Indians seemed glad to have the white strangers dwell in their country. They even let them have a part of their own village. Indeed, one of their chiefs gave up his cabin to the priest, Father White, to be used as a chapel.

The Indian braves joined the white men in their work, and the squaws taught the women how to make bread of



Friendly Indians, crowding the banks, gazed in wonder at the huge ships.

pounded corn. When later the Indians brought wild-turkeys and other food to the settlement, they received a fair price, and often spent the night with the white men.

But although the Indians were friendly, this colony was not without its troubles. Its neighbors, the colonists of Virginia, of whom you have just read, claimed the land where the Ma'ry-land-ers had settled and were angry at them for taking it. They disliked also to have a Catholic colony so near to them.

But in time this trouble passed over. Lord Baltimore made all religions equal in the colony, and every one might worship as he pleased.

There were other troubles of various kinds, but in spite of all Maryland grew and prospered. The climate was mild and healthful, the soil was good, and there was plenty of game. Deer, turkeys, and pigeons abounded in the forests; the streams were alive with swans, geese, and ducks; while Chesapeake Bay, as now, was the home of oysters and ter'ra-pin beyond number.

Fancy what good things the little boys and girls of early Maryland had to eat, and what fun they must have had in helping to get them!

As in Virginia, nearly all the people lived on plantations, most of which were connected by water. Travel was chiefly by boats and canoes, or on horseback, as there were no carriages.

Everybody knew how to ride. A pretty sight it must have been to see the ladies and gentlemen cantering along the green forest paths. There were few highways, and so wild was the country and so dense the forests that lonely

travellers sometimes lost their way and had to spend the night in the woods.

Strangers always found a welcome in the settler's home. It was pleasant to get news from the outside world, for you must remember that there were no newspapers then. At night, when the candles were lighted and the logs were burning in the open fireplaces, stories true or made up were always sure of eager listeners.

The large plantations lay along the rivers which emptied into Chesapeake Bay or into the Potomac. As in Virginia, the ships brought almost to the planter's door the things which he needed and took in trade his tobacco and corn, while from the inland plantations, where the ships could not go, tobacco was brought down to the river-fronts over "corduroy roads."



Early Settlements in Virginia and Maryland.

As in Virginia, also, plantation life left no chance for towns to grow. For many years St. Mary's, the capital,

was the only town in Maryland, and for a long time this was little more than a village.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did Lord Baltimore wish to plant a settlement in the New World?
2. Tell all you can about the friendly feeling between the settlers and the Indians.
3. Give any reasons why you think the boys and girls enjoyed living in the Maryland colony.
4. The settlers had large plantations just as the people in Virginia had. Can you tell why? Why did not towns grow in Maryland and in Virginia?

CHAPTER XIII

STORIES OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND

BESIDES the Catholics, there were other people in England who were not willing to worship as the law said they should. These people loved the Church of England, but they wished to make its forms of worship more simple. They were called Pu'ri-tans.

Some of these disliked the forms of worship so much that they even wished to separate from the Church of England and form a church of their own. These are the people who later came to be called Pil'grims because, as we shall see, they journeyed about so much for the sake of their religion.

Before they left England, these people met for Sunday service in the home of William Brewster, one of their chief men. He lived in the little village of Scroo'by.

For a year they tried to worship by themselves. But the law did not permit secret meetings. So when they were found out they were punished and some were thrown into prison.

This was hard, and after a while they made up their minds to leave England and seek homes in Hol'land, where they knew they could worship God as they pleased.

But as the king wanted his own way he was unwilling that they should go; so it was not easy for them to carry out their plan. Yet in 1608, a year after the settlement of Jamestown, they managed to get away and they sailed to Am'ster-dam, moving later to Ley'den (lī'd'n).

They were well treated in Holland and got work as weavers, tailors, carpenters, and so on. But they were not happy there. They felt like strangers in a strange land. Besides, it was harder for them to make a living there than in England, where most of them had been farmers.

Even after they had been in Holland for many years, they still loved England and did not get over longing for the English ways of doing things. It made them sad to see their children growing up as Dutch children and speaking Dutch instead of English.

Finally, they said, "We will go to America, where we can worship God and bring up our children in our own way."

But the English king was not willing to let them settle in America. Besides, they were poor, and found it hard to raise money for the voyage. At last the king promised he would not trouble them in America so long as they did nothing to displease him there.

So the money needed for the voyage was borrowed, and after a long time a company was made ready to leave Holland.

They sailed in a little vessel called the Speed'well. But

not all of them could go,—some were too old and weak,—and the parting was a sad one. When good-byes were said, we may be sure that many eyes filled with tears. The



From a painting by Charles W. Cope.

Departure of Pilgrim Fathers from Delft Haven, 1620.

pastor, who stayed in Holland, knelt on the shore and asked God to bless those of his flock who were going to the far-off land.

At Ply'mouth, England, the *Speedwell* was joined by a rather larger vessel, the *May'flow-er*. Twice the Pilgrims started, and twice they had to go back because the *Speedwell* leaked. Finally, they had to leave her behind, and crowd as many as possible into the *Mayflower*.

At last on September 6, 1620, they made the final start. There were about one hundred people on board, among them twenty boys and eight girls.

It was a terrible journey. Day after day, heavy storms and high winds tossed the boat about as if she were a cork. The sails were torn, and at times it seemed as if the little vessel would be lost in the great waves. Surely the Pilgrim boys and girls must have been homesick for the safe though simple life they had left behind.

In spite of storms, however, the ship sailed safely to the end of its voyage; and on Saturday, November 21st, she anchored in what is now called the Harbor of Providence-town.

THE PILGRIMS IN SEARCH OF A HOME

What thoughts must have come to these brave men and women as they caught the first glimpse of the strange new land which was to be their home! How tired and lonely they must have felt! Not a house nor a human being in sight! Only sand-hills and trees and dreary stretches of deep snow! Yet they had faith in God's care and were not afraid.

They had been sixty-four days in crossing the At-lan'tic, a trip which some of our great steam-ships to-day make in less than a week.

Before any one landed, the Pilgrim fathers gathered in the cabin of the Mayflower, and agreed to stand together

and obey such laws as they might pass later. They elected John Car'ver as their governor, and Captain Miles Standish as their military leader.

Captain Standish was not a Pilgrim, but he liked these brave men and enjoyed adventure. He was a small man but active and daring. He was also a good soldier, and was a great help to the Pilgrims in meeting the dangers of their new life.

Without delay a few of the men, with Miles Standish as leader, went ashore to look for a place to settle. At night they returned without having found one.

As the next day was Sunday, all stayed on board the ship and listened to a sermon preached by their minister, Elder Brewster.

On Monday morning the whole company landed. The water was too shallow to float the boat, so the men had to wade ashore carrying the women. The weather was so bitter cold that their wet clothing soon stiffened with ice.

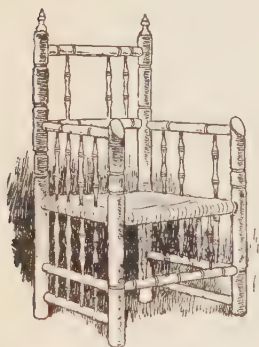
But fires were lighted at once, and while the women were busy washing clothes, the men stood on guard with muskets ready if wild beasts or Indians should attack them.



Miles Standish in Armor.

The Pilgrims had brought with them a shallop, or small boat, which they expected to use in exploring the coast. While it was being made ready, Captain Standish and his men started out by land to look further for a good place to settle.

They went as soldiers and put on all their armor. Just imagine how the little company looked! Not much like our soldiers of to-day. They wore steel helmets, iron breast'plates, and quilted coats of mail. Surely Indian arrows could not hurt them! But what a heavy load to carry!



William Bradford's Chair.

Some of them, Captain Standish for one, of course, had swords hanging at their sides. All carried muskets, so big and heavy that they had to be rested on some support before they could be fired off. How clumsy and slow they would seem now!

The Pilgrims had not gone more than a mile when they saw just ahead some Indians running away from them. Then they came upon a patch of land cleared for corn, and a hut. Inside was a large iron kettle which had been used for cooking.

Looking about, they came upon some mounds in which were bows and arrows. In one were baskets of corn stored away. The Pilgrims took some of the corn for seed, but they were very careful to pay the Indians for it later.

While on this trip, William Brad'ford had a queer accident. As he was picking his way through the underbrush, he was suddenly jerked upward and held dangling by one



From a painting by G. H. Boughton.

Pilgrim Exiles.

leg in mid-air. His foot had been caught in a deer trap, and of course he was quickly set free. Very likely when he was safe on his feet again, all joined in a good laugh.

After a two days' search the exploring party went back to the Mayflower without yet having found a suitable place for a settlement.

Ten days later, still another party went out, this time in the shallop; but they did not succeed any better.

It was now two weeks since the Mayflower had landed. The Pilgrims were tired and were longing for a home.

Besides, the winter was already upon them, and they felt that they must get settled.

On December 16, a company of ten picked men set out once more in the shallop. The day was bitter cold. The ocean spray, blown by the wind, froze to ice upon the men's clothing. Yet they bravely went forward.

When it grew dark, they went ashore for the night. To protect themselves against the Indians and to keep from freezing they built a barricade of logs, sticks, and boughs, five or six feet high, and inside kept a huge fire burning.

With their cloaks wrapped about them and their feet turned toward the fire, all but the watchful sentinel lay down to sleep. The great trees of the forest were their only shelter that cold winter night.

On the second morning, before daybreak all were astir, some preparing breakfast and others putting the supplies into the boat. Suddenly a strange cry made every one stop to listen. It was the warwhoop of the Indians.

Then a shower of arrows fell upon the little Pilgrim band. For a time the fighting went on briskly. But when Captain Standish wounded the leader of the Indians they quickly fled and the Pilgrims took to their shallop.

This was but the beginning of a day full of danger. Late in the afternoon a furious storm of snow and rain caught them. They were in great peril and found it hard to keep afloat. Just before dark, a big wave almost swal-

lowed them up. Soon their rudder was swept away, and then an angry gust of wind struck the mast and snapped it into three pieces.

THE FIRST WINTER IN PLYMOUTH

But they finally landed safe on an island where they found shelter. Here they kindled a fire to warm themselves and to dry their wet clothing.

Sunday, as usual, was made a day of rest. But on Monday, December 21, they went to the mainland and at last chose a place to settle. They were not long in getting back to tell the company, and the same day the Mayflower entered the harbor and the Pilgrims made a landing. One whole month had passed since they cast anchor near Cape Cod.

They named the place Plymouth. I think you can tell why they loved that name. I wonder if you can tell also what the Pilgrims would look for in choosing a place in which to live.

A good harbor, pure drinking-water from a running stream, and a hill **near by** on which to build a fort—these they must have, and all these they found at Plymouth.

There were also several acres of cleared land, which had been used by the Indians some years before.

As soon as the settlers had landed, everybody set to work. We can almost see the busy men and boys, some eagerly chopping down trees, others sawing trunks into logs of

proper length, and still others dragging the logs to the places where they were to be used.

All this had to be done by hand, for we must remember the Pilgrims brought no horses, and in fact no animals at all, except a dog or two.



From a painting by W. F. Hallsall.

The Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor.

While the men and boys were getting up a big appetite over their work, the women and girls were busy kindling fires, washing clothes, cooking food, and doing the many things that need to be done for the family comfort. How good it would be to have a home once more!

The first building which they put up was a rude log-house twenty feet square. This was to serve for the common storehouse and for shelter until they could build separate houses to live in.

The logs were laid upon one another, to form the walls

of the buildings. Then the cracks were filled with straw and mud, and the roof was covered with reeds. The windows were made of oiled paper.

When, later, they built their houses, they placed them for safety in two rows, one on each side of the street which led from the harbor up the hill. At the top stood the fort, where they could run for protection if Indians attacked them.

During that first winter their food was plain, and there was none too much of it. Bread made of wheat, rye, or barley was about all they had. Only once in a while, when some one killed a deer or a wild-fowl, did they have any meat to eat; for, like the planters of Jamestown, the Pilgrims had no chickens or cows. Cold water, too, was all they had to drink. They must have thought how good the milk which they used to have in England and Holland would taste.

But besides having too little food, and that not very good, the Pilgrims suffered much from the cold. Until their dwellings were finished, some had slept on board the Mayflower.

Scant food and lack of warm clothing, with many other hardships, caused much suffering. At one time only Elder Brewster, Captain Standish, and five others were well enough to take care of the sick. Standish, who was very gentle and kind in sickness, made an excellent nurse. He also cheerfully helped with the cooking, washing, and other household duties.

At times there was a death every day, and at the end of the first winter one-half of the settlers had gone.

Yet in spite of all this suffering, when in the spring the Mayflower sailed back to England, not one would leave Plymouth. They felt that they must do the work which they had set out to do, and it was not right to give up. How proud we may be that our first Americans were such fine, strong people!

THE PILGRIMS AND THE INDIANS

Although they were in constant dread of attack from the Indians, it was nearly three months before an Indian showed himself at the settlement. Then, one day in March, a dusky stranger was seen coming down the street of the village. His first words were: "Wel-come, En-GLISH-men." This was Sam'o-set. Where do you suppose he learned those English words?

A week later he returned with a friend named Squan'to. Squanto had formerly lived at Plymouth with other Indians, who had been swept away by a plague. That was why the Pilgrims found the cleared land deserted.

Squanto was glad to get back to his old home once more. He liked the Pilgrims so well that he was willing to live with them, and he taught them many things. He showed them how to hunt, to catch fish, and to plant corn, and how to feed the soil to make it grow.

About a week after Samoset made his first visit to Plym-

outh, he came again, bringing the chief, Mas-sa-soit', with him. Captain Standish with his company of soldiers went out to meet the Indian chief and escort him to Governor Carver.

This was an important meeting. The Pilgrims spread upon the floor of the cabin a green mat, and covered it with cushions for the chief and the governor to sit upon.



Plymouth in the Early Days.

Amid the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets, Massasoit was brought into the room where he met the Pilgrim governor. The two men agreed to be friends, and to keep peace between the white men and the red men. This peace lasted for more than fifty years.

With summer came easier times. There was much less sickness and much more food. In the autumn they had good crops of corn and barley to store away, and plenty of wild ducks, geese, turkeys, and deer, which they brought down with their guns.

Late in the autumn Massasoit with ninety Indians came to pay a visit to Plymouth. They brought with them some deer, and the Pilgrims supplied other food. A three days' feast followed, and that was the beginning of our New England Thanks-giv'ing.

This feast made the Indians and white men still better friends than they had ever been before.

But not all the Indians were so friendly as Massasoit and his tribe. One day a Nar-ra-gan'sett brave ran through the village of Plymouth, and threw into the governor's house a bundle of arrows tied up in a snake's skin.

"What does this mean?" the Pilgrims asked Squanto.

"It means," said he, "that the Indians wish to make war upon you."

But the Pilgrims made a very good answer. They at once stuffed the skin with powder and bullets and sent it back to the chief.

When it came back to him in this way, he was afraid to touch it. He was not even willing to let it stay in his wigwam. So it was sent from place to place until it came back again to Plymouth.

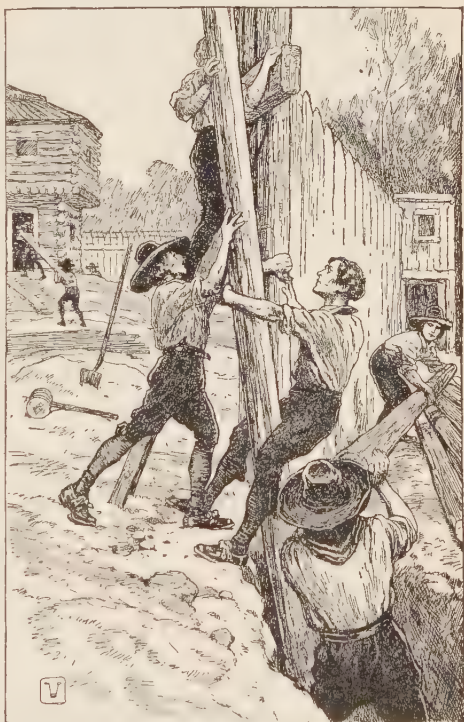
The Pilgrims thought it wise, however, to get ready for Indian attacks. They built around Plymouth a palisade of posts ten to twelve feet high. These were set deep in the ground and pointed at the top. They also built on "Burial Hill" a large, square blockhouse, or thick-walled building, with holes out of which to fire their guns.

The lower part was used as a meeting-house, where meetings of all kinds were held. On Sunday it was a place of worship. But when they wished to talk over some plan for the public good, such as the building of a road or a bridge, they met here also on week days. These week-day meetings were very like our town meetings to-day.

But the Pilgrims had other worries besides the Indians. They had borrowed a great deal of money when they came to the New World, and men and women alike

had to work very hard to pay it back. Yet by trading with the Indians, mainly for furs, by sending furs, fish, and timber to England, and by earning and saving in every way, at the end of six years they had freed themselves from debt.

Such people were bound to succeed. Although poor in houses and lands, they had something which was worth



They built around Plymouth a palisade of posts.

far more; and that was the desire and the will to do what was right.

But life in the colony was hard, and their numbers grew but slowly. At the end of four years there were only one hundred and eighty persons and thirty-two houses.

THE PURITANS COME TO NEW ENGLAND

From time to time, news of the free life of the Pilgrims reached England, where the king, Charles I, was making it harder than ever for the Puritans. He believed that whatever he did as king was right, and that all should obey him without any question.



John Winthrop.

The Puritans became so unhappy that many of them gave up their old homes and sailed for New England to make new ones in a free country.

They were not simple folk like the Pilgrims. Many were rich men, some belonged to families of high rank, and some had great learning.

A small company had come over in 1628 and settled at Sa'lem. But in 1630 the great body of Puritans began to come over in throngs. Nine hundred of them, led by John Win'throp, a rich lawyer and country gentleman, settled first at Charles'town, then spread out to Bos'ton and other towns near by.

The first part of this company left England in eleven vessels, bringing with them horses, cattle, and many other things useful in settling a new country.

After a voyage of nearly nine weeks they reached New England about the middle of June. The time of sailing had been carefully planned so that they should reach their new homes early enough to get ready for winter.

But in spite of their foresight, all did not go as they had planned. Winter did not find them ready and they had many hardships to meet. The coarse food did not agree with them. Corn-bread, bad drinking-water, and poor shelter made many ill.

Before December two hundred had died, and yet nobody thought of going back. "I am not sorry that I have come," said the leader, John Winthrop, a man of strong and beautiful character.

When the future looked darkest, a fast-day was appointed to ask for God's help. But on the very day before it, a supply ship came from England. So the fast-day was turned into a day of thanksgiving.



Puritans on Horseback.

The worst was over. Soon spring brought milder weather, then came the early wild fruits, and soon afterward the new crops. Before another winter they had learned how to make themselves more comfortable.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND RHODE ISLAND

The Puritans valued their religion more than anything else in the world. For its sake they had given up their homes in England and most of what was pleasant in their lives. Since their freedom of worship had cost so much, of course they wished to make sure of not losing it.

They thought that, above all else, they must not let any other religions grow up. So they made very strict laws. They said: "Every one must go to the Puritan church." "No one may vote or take any part in making the laws except members of the church."

Some of the Puritans did not like this. Among them was Roger Williams, a young man of gentle and noble, yet strong character. He was a minister, first at Salem, then at Plymouth, then again at Salem.

While at Plymouth, he took a deep interest in the Indians. Although he was so poor that he had to earn his living by farming and fishing, yet he gave much of his time to the red men. He studied their language and learned to know them well. He was kind to them in many ways, and they returned his love with kindness and good-will.

It was when he returned to Salem that he got into trouble with the Puritans, for he said many things they did not like. "You do not own the land you live on," he boldly declared. "You got your claim to it from the King of England. But as he never owned the land he had no right to give it to you."

"You have no right," he went on, "to tax people to support a church to which they do not belong. Nor have you the right to make people go to church."

His bold talk startled the Puritans. Of course, they did not like it. Such ideas might make them no end of trouble if Roger Williams kept on preaching them. So they made him leave the colony.

Bidding good-by to his wife and children, he set out alone with only a compass for a guide. To keep from freezing, he carried an axe to chop wood, and flint and



Rogers Williams Fleeing Through the Woods.

steel to kindle fires. His only shelter at night was a hollow tree or perhaps a covering of brush.

After many days, he reached Mount Hope, and there the Indians sheltered him. He spent most of the winter in the wigwam of his good friend, Massasoit.

In the spring he started out in a frail canoe to a place where the Indians said that there was good spring water. He found it, and, with five or six friends who had joined him, made a settlement, which he called Prov'i-dence.

Such was the beginning of Rhode Island (rode i'land) Colony. There at first every man was welcome and every man could worship as he thought best, or not at all if he chose.

THOMAS HOOKER AND THE HARTFORD COLONY

During the same year (1636) in which Roger Williams began the settlement of Rhode Island, Thom'as Hook'er led a company of settlers to the Con-nect'i-cut Valley. Like Roger Williams, he believed that the Puritans were wrong in keeping all men except church-members from voting and from taking part in making the laws.

So because of this belief and for some other reasons, he and the members of his congregation at Watertown left Massachusetts to make new homes for themselves on the bank of the Connecticut River.

About one hundred men, women, and children set out in June, driving before them one hundred and sixty cattle.

The children must have been very tired sometimes, but they must have had their frolics too. We may imagine them gathering wild flowers and listening to the birds, and



Thomas Hooker and Party on the Way to Connecticut.

also eating their meals, as if on a picnic, under leafy branches of spreading trees.

The men carried packs on their backs and guns in their hands. There were no roads, nor even trails of Indians or wild beasts to follow through this wild region. A compass,

was their only guide on their journey of more than one hundred miles through the woods.

At last they reached the place where Hartford now stands. They were much pleased with its beauty. The



Early Settlements in New England.

rolling hills, the broad river with its wooded banks, the rich green meadows with the wigwams of the Indians, and the few log cabins of earlier settlers squatting here and there, made a restful sight for the eyes of the tired travellers.

THE NEW HAVEN COLONY

Two years later, another body of Puritans made a settlement thirty miles west of the Connecticut River on Long Island Sound. There in the spring of 1638, under the leafy branches of a great oak-tree, John Dav'en-port, their minister and leader, preached his first sermon.

As in Mas-sa-chu'setts, so here, none but church-members were allowed to vote. There were no written laws, but all agreed to live by the Word of God. Such was the beginning of New Haven Colony.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Who were the Pilgrims? Why did they go to Holland, and why did they later come to New England?
2. Imagine yourself coming over with them on the Mayflower and tell about the stormy voyage.
3. Can you tell in your own words the story of what happened to the ten picked men who set out on December 16 to find a place for a settlement?
4. Do you know why so many of the Pilgrim settlers died during the first winter at Plymouth?
5. Give an account of the meeting between Governor Carver and Massasoit? In what way did this meeting prove to be a good thing for the settlers?
6. What do you think of Captain Miles Standish? What do you admire in the Pilgrims?
7. Why did the Puritans come to America?
8. How did they suffer during the first winter after landing?
9. Why did they drive Roger Williams out of the colony? Do you think this was right?
10. Where did Roger Williams go then, and what did he do? What do you think of him?
11. Why did Thomas Hooker and his congregation leave Massachusetts and make new homes on the Connecticut River? Imagine yourself with this company on the long journey through the woods and tell what happened.

CHAPTER XIV

STORIES OF EARLY NEW YORK

IN learning about the Spaniards and the English, we must not forget the part other countries took in settling America.

The Dutch, like other nations of Europe, wanted to increase their trade. For this reason, in 1609, two years after the settlement of Jamestown, they sent out Henry Hudson in search of an all-water route to the Far East.

In April of that year, in a little vessel called the Half Moon with a crew of about twenty sailors, he set out. First he sailed in a northerly direction, believing that way would be shorter. But the sea was so blocked with icebergs and the danger was so great, that his men refused to go farther.

So he changed his course and sailed across the Atlantic. He reached the New World near the mouth of the James River.

Coasting along the shore to the north, he entered a broad inlet which he thought was a passage through America. It proved to be the mouth of a river, which later was named Hudson after him. There, in September, 1609, he cast anchor.

The Indians, who were friendly and curious, came aboard. They wore loose robes of deerskin and ornaments of copper. The pipes they smoked were copper also. They took a great fancy to the knives and beads which Hudson had, and gave him tobacco leaves in exchange for them.

A few of Hudson's men started off up the river, landing on its western shore. At once they were surrounded by Indians, who gave them a welcome and made them gifts of tobacco and dried-currants. But another party was not received in this kindly way, for the Indians attacked them and killed one man.



Henry Hudson.

About ten days after first casting anchor, Hudson himself sailed up the river in the *Half Moon*, still looking for the Northwest Passage. He was delighted with the beauty of the country, and spoke of the land as "pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees."

He went as far as the spot where Albany is now, but there he stopped, for things were not as he had hoped. It was plain that this river was not a strait after all. There being no reason why he should go farther, he turned back toward the open sea.

While sailing down the river, Hudson went ashore in the canoe of an old Indian chief. On landing he was taken to the chief's wigwam. It was of bark, and within had been made ready to receive him with honor. Two mats were spread for him to sit upon, and food was served in red wooden bowls. A part of this was two pigeons and a dog, which were cooked as a dainty for the white men! Perhaps Hudson did not wholly enjoy his meal, but he knew that the Indians meant to show a kindly feeling.

Although it was not his good fortune to discover the Northwest Passage, Hudson had found something else quite as good. This was a place where the Dutch could make money in trade, for among the gifts which the Indians brought were the glossy brown skins of beavers.

At once a trade in furs was begun. It must have been interesting to see the red men bringing in the beautiful pelts and making the Dutch understand, by a sign language, what things they wanted in exchange.

THE COMING OF DUTCH SETTLERS

The Dutch did not make a settlement at once, for we should remember that they were not leaving their native land because of religious trouble, like the Massachusetts and Maryland settlers. They were thrifty traders, who came and went between Holland and the New World simply to make money.

Five years passed, after Hudson sailed up the Hudson

River, before even a fort was built at the south end of Man-hat'tan Island (1614). Around this a settlement slowly grew up, and the Dutch called it New Am'ster-dam. Not until 1623 did they attempt to plant a colony.



Dutch Trading With the Indians.

The Dutch named the country which they had found New Neth'er-land after their home land, just as the English settlers had named theirs New England.

Some of the settlers made their homes on Manhattan Island, on which a large part of our present city of New York is built, and a few sailed up the Hudson River and built a fort where Albany now stands. Others built a fort on the Delaware River, and still another group sailed up the Connecticut and built a fort where Hartford was settled later.

In 1625 two ships bringing cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep reached New Amsterdam. More emigrants came also, and soon there were two hundred settlers in the colony.



Indian Fur Trader.

The next year Peter Min'-u-it, a good and just man, was made governor. He managed very well. The settlers were contented, and the Indians, being fairly treated, were friendly.

The land which the settlers needed the governor bought from the Indians. Although he did not pay large sums, he gave enough to satisfy the Indians. You will be surprised to know that, for the whole island of Manhattan, where to-day land is so high

that towering buildings are carried up many stories into the air, Peter Minuit gave about twenty-four dollars' worth of beads, colored cloth, and bits of glass!

From the Indians the Dutch had nothing to fear at this time. By fair dealing Hudson had won their good-will, and by the same kind of treatment the fur traders had kept it.

But there was still another reason why the powerful Ir'o-quois, who lived west of the Hudson, wanted to be

friends with the Dutch. It so happened that in the very same year in which Hudson was sailing north on the Hud-



Champlain killed one or two of their number.

son River, Cham-plain', a French explorer, of whom we shall speak again later, was coming south from Canada on the lake which now bears his name.

He travelled with a band of sixty Al-gon'quin warriors,

who were enemies of the Iroquois. To keep the Algonquins friendly to himself, Champlain joined them in an attack upon two hundred Iroquois on the shores of Lake Champlain.

Now, the Iroquois had never heard a gun before. So when Champlain fired, and killed one or two of the Iroquois chiefs, the rest fled in panic. But they never forgot this defeat. From that day they hated the French, and were always glad to make them trouble and kill them when they could. Now you see why they wanted the help of the Dutch and their guns.

But although the Indians made no trouble and Dutch vessels came and went, few people settled down to make homes here. The money to be made in the fur trade brought the restless, roaming traders but not the steady home-making farmers, who were better off in their homes across the sea.

THE PATROONS

To tempt farmers to go to New Netherland, the Dutch West India Company worked out a plan. They offered to give large tracts of lands in America to any members of the company who would take over, in the next four years, fifty grown-up settlers.

The land might extend along the Hudson or some other river for sixteen miles on one side or for eight miles on both sides. It could also run back as far as the owner might wish. The owner of each tract of land was called a pa-

troon. He gave to the men living on his estate houses, farms, tools, and cattle.

In return, the men promised to pay him a certain rent, and to remain on the farm where they were placed. This was fair, but there were some bad rules, for example, the men could not grind their corn except at the patroon's mill, nor hunt, nor fish, without his permission.

So, in spite of getting their land and house for almost nothing, men with families were rather slow about coming to New Netherland. Other plans, then, had to be tried.

In 1638 a most coaxing scheme was set before the people. Farmers with their families were to be carried across the Atlantic without charge. Each man was to have

the use of a farm with its house, barn, and tools. Horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs were to be provided. And, best of all, it was to be made easy for him to become the owner of his little estate in five years.

This plan worked well. Settlers began to come, and kept coming in larger and larger numbers.

Not all the people by any means came from Holland. One reason for this was that the laws let the people worship



A Patroon.

as they pleased. So men flocked here from many countries, and it is said that as many as eighteen languages were spoken by the settlers.

Fifteen years after the first settlement, New Netherland had about ten thousand people, sixteen hundred of whom lived in New Amsterdam. At this time New Amsterdam



New Amsterdam

was confined to the southern part of Manhattan Island, south of the present Wall Street.

Would you like to know how this street, which to-day is one of the busiest and richest in the world, got its name?

As a defence against the Indians, the Dutch built a wall, or palisade, across the northern side of the town. The street which in time took its place was called Wall Street.

In the wall was a gate-way opening into a broad highway, and this to-day is the well-known Broadway of New York City. What would the people who built this wall and this gate think if to-day they could be set down in the midst of these rushing, thronging streets!

In time the Hudson River came to be lined with the

large estates of the patroons, stretching far back into the country. Perhaps your teacher will read you the story of *Sleep'y Hol'low*, which tells of life on one of these Dutch estates.

Here and there along other streams also were houses and villages. The people from these places carried their prod-



n 1673.

uce and their furs by boat to New Amsterdam, and there traded for such things as they needed. When the exchange did not come out even and there was needed a sort of money, wampum and beaver skins were used instead of gold and silver. The small purses in which we carry our money to-day would not have been of much use in those days!

Life was now going better in New Netherland, but the Dutch settlers were not without their troubles. We have seen that Hudson and the Dutch traders were just to the Indians. These Indians were the Iroquois, who had always been friendly with the Dutch.

But the Indians around New Amsterdam were Algonquins, and these tribes, as you remember, were the enemies

of the Iroquois. For a long time the Dutch had kept the friendship of all the tribes. But they were now to have serious trouble with the Algonquins.

In the first place, there were getting to be so many Dutch farmers that their roaming cattle worried the In-



A Dutch Manor.

dians. In the second place, Kieft, the new governor, was not friendly with them. Matters went from bad to worse.

Finally, a small band of Indians stole some pigs, and a company of soldiers was sent out from New Amsterdam to punish the tribe to which the thieves belonged. The settlers killed several Indian braves and burned some of the Indian crops.

This began a war which lasted four years. It was a time of much terror and bloodshed, and when it came to an end, sixteen hundred Indians had been killed. The Dutch also had lost many men and had spent much money which they needed for other things.

PETER STUYVESANT AND HIS TROUBLES

The next and last of the Dutch governors was Peter Stuy've-sant. He was a very large man, haughty, and commanding. He had been a brave soldier and had

lost a leg in battle, so that now he stumped around on a wooden one.

When he became governor of New Netherland he told the people he would rule them "as a father does his children." The people thought this meant that he would be kind and gentle. But instead he treated them as if they could not think for themselves and had no rights of their own.

At last he fell into trouble with the Swedes who had settled along the Delaware River. They had captured the Dutch fort there, "because," they said, "it is on our land."

The blustering old governor could never allow that. So he spent a great deal of money getting ready a fleet, and sailed up the Delaware with a large body of soldiers. He captured the fort and forced the Swedes to give up to the Dutch as masters of the country.

But this was not altogether a good thing for the Dutch. The colony had never had much fighting strength, because their ruling men would not vote money for that purpose. Now, after fighting the Swedes, they were weaker than ever.



Peter Stuyvesant.

So when a few years later (1664), English war-ships appeared in the harbor, the Dutch were not strong enough to drive the fleet away.

The commander of the English vessels sent an officer ashore demanding surrender. This was a complete surprise

to the Dutch, for it was an act of war, and at that time England and Holland were at peace.

But the English coveted New Netherland for many reasons. They wanted to get control of its trade, and of its fine harbor, the best on the Atlantic Coast.

Although the English force was much stronger than the



Early Settlements in New York and New Jersey.

Dutch, Governor Stuyvesant, brave old soldier that he was, begged the people to fight for the town.

"I would go to my grave," he cried out in a rage, as he stamped the floor with his wooden leg, "rather than give up to the English."

"Read the letter the English commander has sent you and find out just what he wants," said some one.

This only made him more angry, and he tore it into bits and threw them upon the floor.

But he had to give up. The Dutch flag was pulled down, and the English flag waved in its place.

New Netherland was now called New York, and was an English colony. Under the rule of the English it prospered and went on growing year after year. For a long time, however, more of the people were Dutch than English, and to this day, many old families are proud of their Dutch names.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did the Dutch send out Henry Hudson? What did he discover?
2. In what way did the Dutch win the good-will of the Indians?
3. What mistake did Champlain make with the Iroquois, and how did the French suffer later for this mistake?
4. Tell all you can about the patroons.
5. Why were men with families rather slow about coming from Holland to New Netherland?
6. What kind of man was Governor Stuyvesant? What do you admire in him?
7. Why was the name of the colony changed from New Netherland to New York?

CHAPTER XV

STORIES OF EARLY PENNSYLVANIA

WE have seen that the Pilgrims and Puritans went to New England, and the Catholics to Maryland, because they were punished at home for their religion. There were still other people living in England who were having a hard time because of the way they worshipped.

In those days, you remember, people who made the laws in England believed that everybody in the country should go to the same kind of church. Men and women going to any other were punished by being fined, or thrown into prison, or whipped; and sometimes such persons were even burned at the stake.

One body of English people who insisted on their own way of worship called themselves "Friends." By others they were nicknamed Qua'kers.

Some of their customs were new and strange. For instance, they would not go to war, nor pay taxes to support war, because they believed it was wrong to fight. And because they believed all men were equal before the law, they would not doff their hats to any man, not even the king.

Most of them also refused to wear fine clothing or adorn their houses because they believed in simple living.

One of these Quakers, William Penn, was a rich man and the son of a powerful admiral. He did not go so far in his belief as some, for he wore handsome clothing and had a fine home.

But he saw that the only way for his Quaker friends to have peace was to go to live in the New World, as others who suffered for their religion had done.

To carry out his plan, he used his own large fortune. It happened that King Charles II owed Penn \$80,000. Now, for a king who liked to spend money as well as Charles II did, this was a big debt to pay.

But Penn saw a way for the king to get rid of the debt, and yet not pay out a penny.

“Will you give me land instead of money?” he asked.

“Willingly,” said the king.

You see the land had cost him nothing. So he set off for Penn a large tract lying west of the Delaware River, and called it Pennsylvania, which means “Penn’s woods.”



William Penn at the Age of 22 (1666).

Penn was so modest that he did not wish the country named for himself. So the king said, "We will name it for your father."

The next year, a colony of about three thousand settled on the banks of the Delaware. In October of the year after that, Penn himself left England to join his colony. Bidding good-by to his wife and children, he sailed for America in the ship *Welcome* with one hundred passengers. Most of these were Quakers, who had been Penn's neighbors in England.

After a voyage of two months they landed at New'-cas-tle, Delaware, where they were greeted with shouts of welcome. This was not his own colony, but some of those who came the year before had settled here, among the Swedes and Dutch.

Penn sailed on up the Delaware River until he came to the mouth of the Schuyl'kill (skool-kill) River.

Here he found a city laid out by those who had come before him. He named it Phil-a-del'phi-a, which means "City of Brotherly Love." This name showed the feeling which Penn had for the settlers and wished them to have for one another.

The plan of the city was simple. Most of the land was level, and the streets crossed one another at right angles. They were given such names as Chestnut Street, Oak Street, Elm Street, from the trees of the forest which were cut down to make room for them.

Settlers came in such large numbers that houses could not be built fast enough. So for a time some of them had to live in caves dug in the river-banks.

The first houses were built of logs, and were very simple. They had only two rooms, and no floor except the bare ground. But in less than three years, many houses of boards had been put up, and some of the bright-red brick of which Philadelphia to-day has so much. The city grew rapidly, and so did the whole colony.



Cottage of William Penn, Fairmount Park,
Philadelphia.

This was partly because the Indians were friendly. Penn had made friends with them at the start. One day he held a meeting with them under the spreading branches of a large elm-tree, and together they smoked the pipe of peace.

"The friendship between you and me," said Penn, "is not like a chain, for the chain may rust; neither is it like a tree, for the falling tree may break. It is as if we were parts of one man's body. We are all one flesh and blood."

Of course, these words pleased the Indians, for they had feelings very much like those of white men. They replied to Penn in words as kind as his own. Handing him

a wampum belt of peace they said: "We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and moon shall last."

Penn paid the Indians for the land, although he had already paid the king a large sum. For he believed that



William Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

the Indians had rights, and he wished to deal fairly with them.

He gave them knives, kettles, axes, beads, and some other things which made their lives easier and happier. These were more useful to the Indians than money. Penn was always kind and honest in his dealings with the men of the forest; and they, in their turn, were true to him.

In the course of years, settlers from many countries

came in large numbers to Pennsylvania. Englishmen, Swedes, Welsh, Dutch, and Germans all found their way here, and the colony grew so fast that there was plenty of work for all.

People liked to live where the laws were wise, and where they could worship as they pleased. This they could do in Pennsylvania, and the colony continued to prosper.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell all you can about the strange and new customs of the Quakers.
2. Who was William Penn? Why did he wish to make a settlement in America?
3. What name did he give his first settlement, and why?
4. How did he treat the Indians, and how did they treat him? What do you admire in William Penn?
5. Why did his colony grow rapidly?

CHAPTER XVI

STORIES OF EARLY GEORGIA

IN the days of which we are speaking, there were other troubles which needed righting besides those of religion. The laws about debt caused great and hopeless misery. When a man could not pay a debt, even if it were for only a small sum, he was thrown into prison, and if he had no friends to help him out, he usually stayed there the rest of his life. Many died early, of starvation, filthy quarters, and because they lost hope.

Among the rich men of high birth who lived at this time was James O'gle-thorpe. He was a brave soldier and a noble and tender-hearted man. He resolved to do something to help the poor men who suffered from the hard and stupid laws.

His plan was to pay the debts of the most worthy, and then set them free, if they would agree to go to America. "There," said this kind man, "they can begin life over again."

Besides a wish to help poor men, he had something else in mind. He wished to plant a colony far to the south, that

would be strong enough to ward off attacks by the Spaniards in Florida.

Early in 1733, he sailed with his men to the southern coast of North America. Choosing a high bluff near the bank of the Savannah River, he made a settlement and called it Savannah. He named his colony Georgia, in honor of King George II.

At first Oglethorpe took up his quarters in a tent, sheltered by four beautiful pine-trees, and there he lived for more than a year.

Like Penn, he treated the red men fairly, and won their friendship.

As a token of good feeling one day they handed him a buffalo skin, on the inside of which was a picture of the head and feathers of an eagle. "Here is a little present," they said. "The feathers of the eagle are soft, and this means love. The skin of the buffalo is warm, and this means protection. Therefore, love and protect our people."

Such was the beginning of a lasting friendship between Oglethorpe and the Indians. They were friendly to him because he was just and kind to them. They lived in peace with him, just as the Indians farther north lived in peace with William Penn.

To bring more money into the colony, he began to trade with the Indians for fur.



James Oglethorpe

Then he noticed that there were many mul'ber-ry-trees growing in Georgia, and that made him think of raising silk-

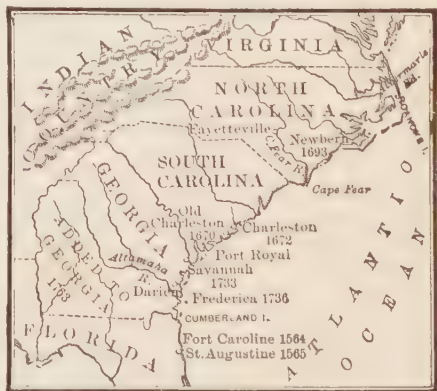


He noticed many mulberry-trees, and that made him think of raising silk-worms.

worms; for, as you know, mulberry leaves are the food which silk-worms like best. After a little the people began to weave silk; and then they sent a dress pattern to the queen, who had it made up into a gown and wore it.

Oglethorpe honestly tried to do everything possible for the good of the settlers; but they did not like his way of governing. He gave them no share in making the laws.

There were also other things they did not like. For instance, he would not have any rum made or sold, because he thought it would bring harm to the people. Neither would he have negro slaves in the colony, because he wished only hard-working white men to live there.



Early Settlements in Georgia.

The settlers, however, said they needed the rum, and that the climate was so hot and bred such fevers that they must have negroes to do the work.

At last they were allowed to have their own way. But the men who had been failures in England were not the kind to start right as colonists in the New World. Georgia, therefore, did not prosper at first. It has long since, however, become one of the great States of our Union.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did James Oglethorpe wish to plant a colony in America?
2. How did he make friends with the Indians?
3. What made him think of raising silk-worms?
4. What do you admire in James Oglethorpe?

CHAPTER XVII

LIFE IN EARLY COLONIAL DAYS

NEW ENGLAND

Now that we have seen something of the way in which the colonies started, let us go back on a make-believe journey and see how the people lived in those early days.

First, we will visit New England. Here we shall find many villages. In some the houses are built along both sides of a road; in others, they are grouped around a central green. But we are pretty sure to find the meeting-house, the block-house, the minister's house, and the inn not far apart.



A Block-House.

When Indians are close by the village, there are three or four block-houses, with palisades around them. For, in times of danger, the families living outside the village come here to spend the night. If during the day some one gives warning that the Indians are on the war-path, all the men, women, and children who live in the outlying cabins come

flocking to the nearest block-house. Let us hope that this will not happen during our visit.

Here and there we see some newer houses of brick and stone, and if we should come at a later time we should find rich merchants and ship-owners living in fine houses with costly furniture. But most of the dwellings we see now are rough wooden cabins, containing only two rooms, a living-room and a kitchen, with the chimney between.

The people seem glad to see us and ask us in.

What huge fireplaces! Here is one big enough to take in a great log six feet long and three feet thick. But the people tell us that even when the flames roar up the chimney, the ink freezes on their pens a few feet away from the fire!

What would happen if the fire should go out? There are no matches, of course. They tell us that at night they cover the glowing coals over with ashes, so that the fire will keep.

Does it ever go out? Yes, sometimes, and then one of the children runs to a neighbor's and brings home a pan of red coals or a burning stick to relight it; or sparks are struck from flint into a tinder-box or into dry leaves to start a little blaze.

It is nearly noon when we arrive, and in front of the fire the meat or fowl for dinner is being roasted. It hangs by a hempen string from a hook above. A child keeps the string turning, and sometimes the housewife twists it and

lets it untwist again. Perhaps you are looking for a crane, or rod on which to hang kettles, such as your grandmother may have told you about. This has not yet come into use.



One of the children runs to a neighbor's and brings home a burning stick.

When we sit down to the table, we must make no remarks about the simple furnishings.

The table is a long board, about three feet wide, with a bench on either side for seats. There are no plates, but the food is served on wooden blocks, ten or twelve inches square, and three or four inches thick, scooped out in the centre something like shallow bowls. They are called trenchers.

No forks either! We will eat with our fingers, as the others do.

And what a queer drinking-cup! It might be iron or leather, but this seems to be horn. Pass it on to the one next you, for there is only one for the whole family. How good the food tastes!

After dinner, perhaps the family will let us go about and see them at work.

They are very busy people. The farmers have to work very hard, for their soil is poor and rocky.

They also make most of their furniture, cooking utensils, and farming tools in the house or in little workshops close by. They have only the simplest tools and everything is rudely made.

There are grist-mills to grind the corn and saw-mills to make the lumber, both run by the small streams which rush down the hillside.

If the village is near the coast, we shall find some fishermen who make their living by catching cod or whale. We shall also see some ship-building going on, for it is easy to get good timber in the large forests.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL

The mother, too, is very busy, for she does many things which nowadays are done outside the home. Besides cooking and keeping the house in order, she makes clothes for all the family, and even makes the cloth in the first place!

The wool and the flax are raised on the little farm, and spun and woven by her into cloth. Perhaps she will turn the spinning-wheel for you to show how the wool or flax is drawn out into long threads. How it whirs and hums!



The Spinning-Wheel.

Of course, you will want to see what the children are doing. The girls help their mothers in many ways. They learn to cook, to mould candles, to make soap, to milk the cows, and to make butter and cheese. They work in the gardens, and pluck the geese to get feathers for pillows and feather-beds. They are also learning to spin, weave, dye, and make clothing. Perhaps you know more about books, but I doubt if you could keep house as well!

The boys are as busy helping their fathers as the girls in helping their mothers. They chop and saw wood, plant and weed the fields, feed the pigs, water the horses, clean the stables, and do many kinds of work of which most of you boys know nothing.

Of course, the children go to school, too. As you remember, one reason why the Pilgrims left Holland was that they might bring up their children in their own way. From the first, they have taken great pains

to educate them. So have the Puritans, and at a very early day public schools were started—so that every town has its school.

It is kind of the children to ask us to visit their school-house. It does not look at all like your big building. It is a rude log hut, and the seats are long slabs from sawed logs, with the flat side up, raised on sticks.

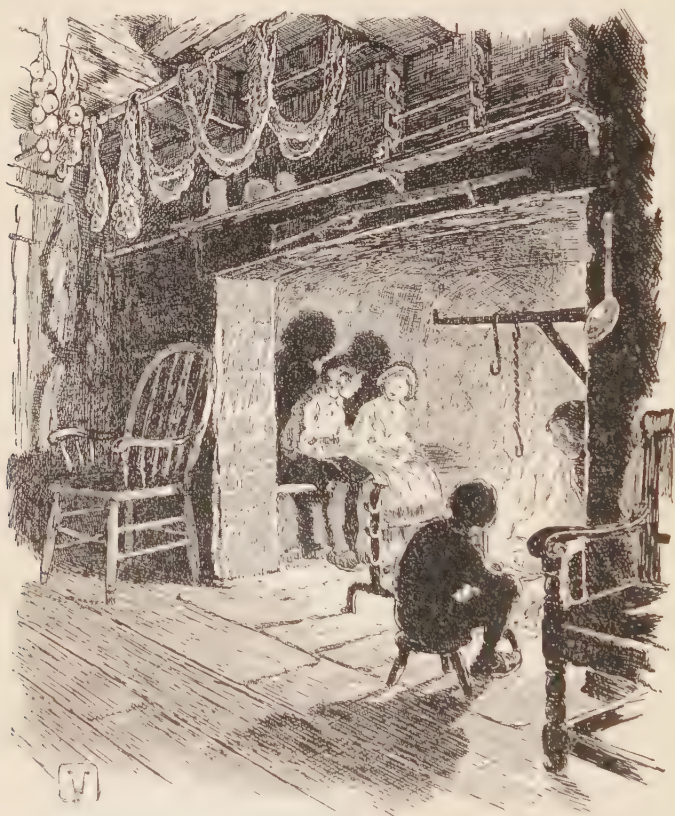
There are no black-boards nor maps on the wall. The children have no slates and few pencils. Some of them are doing their sums on birch bark, for paper is very scarce. The boys and girls, at home and at school, have very few books. A Bible, a catechism, a hymn-book, and a primer are about all. Yet the children learn to read and write.

Perhaps the best time of the day is when school and



Their school-house is a rude log hut.

work are over, and all sit down for the evening. How cheerful then the big fireplace looks with its high-backed seat on



The big fireplace with its high-backed seat on either side.

either side! Here the children sit, listening to the talk of the grown-ups, or perhaps cracking nuts while a row of roasting apples sputters before the fire.

When bedtime comes, and the children leave their

warm, cosey corner, they do not walk over a soft carpet, nor even over a wooden floor. Perhaps there is a rug or the skin of an animal over the bare earth. While they sleep, the snow often sifts in through cracks in the wall, making tiny drifts before morning.

THE PURITAN SABBATH

I think perhaps you will want to see how these children of long ago spent their Saturdays and Sundays. Saturday is a very busy day. Everything must be made ready for Sunday, because on that day no cooking is allowed and very little work of any kind.

The Puritans are very strict about this. The minute the sun goes down their Sabbath begins. All work and play must be put aside, for the Sabbath must be a day of rest.

When nine o'clock in the morning comes, a drum, bell, or horn is sounded. Then each family starts for the meeting-house, the father and mother walking in front of their children. At church we shall see nearly every one who is not sick, for a man who stays away a month without a good reason is punished.

If there is danger from Indians, a sentinel stands on guard at the door of the meeting-house, and each man sits with his gun beside him.

The sermon is sometimes two or three hours long. The time is kept by an hour-glass which the sexton turns at the

end of every hour. We are a little tired when the service is over.

But we must not think that the New England people spend all their time in work and worship. Life for the Puritan children is by no means without play. There is plenty of hunting and fishing, and in winter there are lively snowball fights and skating. In summer the younger children roll hoops, spin tops, and play at leap-frog and see-saw. Indoors there are merrymakings with games like hide-and-go-seek and blind-man's-buff.

If the older people invite us to any of their gatherings, it will be to a house-raising or corn-husking party, or perhaps to a spinning-bee or a quilting-bee or an apple-paring. For they had their good times helping each other in this way.

If we should happen to be there at Thanksgiving time, which came after the corn and pumpkins and apples were stored away for the winter, we should find the table loaded with good things to eat, such as turkey, chicken, pudding, pies, nuts, raisins, and other things that make us hungry even to name.

One reason why strangers are made so welcome is that the settlers see very little of the people outside of their own villages and towns. It is not easy to go from place to place, and it takes a great deal of time. There are no roads across the country, —nothing but Indian trails, so that people have to go on horseback. But between the

settlements that are near the water, they go in "dugouts" or small boats.

How would you like to change places with these boys and girls of the New England of long ago?

THE SOUTH

If now we take a trip to the South, we shall find life in Virginia and Maryland different in many ways from that in New England.

Here the people are not living on small farms, rather near together, but on big plantations, spreading over many acres.

The first houses of the early settlers were cabins, much like those of New England, but built loose and open, for it is warmer here.

But at the time of our visit, there are many rich planters living in two-story houses of wood or brick. Very pleasant they look with their vine-clad porches in front, and wide hallways inside. They are called man'sions.

Near the planter's house are little cabins, squatting in the midst of gardens and poultry-yards. These are for slaves, and about them the little black children romp and play at all hours of the day. There, also, are the stable, the barn, the smoke-house, and other needed buildings, so that each plantation is a little village by itself, with its own blacksmith, wheelwright, shoemaker, doctor, overseer, and so on.

If we are invited into the “big house,” we shall not find carpeted floors, unless our visit is made a hundred years or so after the first settlement. But we may find rugs, and handsome furniture,—tables, side-boards, four-posted beds, and other pieces bought from English merchants.



A Southern Mansion.

The family uses pewter dishes every day, but there are some shining silver pieces on the side-board.

The cooking is done over a fireplace, just as in New England, and cakes of corn-meal or, “pones,” are baked in the hot ashes.

We see the spinning-wheel and flax-wheel in many homes, and also moulds in which candles are made. For

candle-light is the only evening light, except that from the blazing wood in the fireplace.

Much of the clothing, however, and many of the utensils for house and farm are brought from England, in exchange for the planter's tobacco.



A Typical Log Cabin of the South.

It may be our good luck to see a ship from England come in while we are here. At these times everybody is excited and happy. For it brings not only needed things for which the people have long been waiting, but also news from friends in the mother-country, and sometimes, best of all, the friends themselves. What glad meetings they must be and how everybody must talk and laugh at once!

We cannot go to school with these children, for, on these big plantations, they live too far apart to go to a common school as in New England. Many of the poorer children are growing up without learning to read and write. But perhaps the planter's children will show us how they study.



Tables, Chairs, Four-posted Bedstead.

They are taught at home by tutors or clergymen. When they grow older, some of the boys will go to Europe to study further.

There are many men in the South who read a great deal; for the planter can live without working with his own hands, and has much time for books. Some of them have fine libraries.

Their sports are different from those in New England. They are very fond of riding to the hunt. The wild woods are full of game, and no Southern youth is thought manly until he is a good rider and hunter. How exciting it is when a fox runs past, followed a little later by a pack of hounds in full chase and a group of horsemen riding fast and jumping the ditches and fences in their path!

On the day of a horse-race people come flocking from far away. Besides the horse-race, there are hurdle-races and other lively sports, with greased poles and greased pigs, to entertain the crowd.

These people do not keep Thanksgiving Day, but they make a great deal of Christmas. Then all is gay and bright in the planter's house. There is much feasting, which is followed in the evening by dancing and music. What a pretty sight it is!

NEW YORK

Before coming back from our journey let us go to early New York. Here all is quite different from either New England or the South, because in those colonies most of the people were English, while here they are mostly Dutch.

Some live in towns where trade is carried on. Yet many live on farms larger than those of New England, but not so large as the Southern plantations.

In the towns we find a few cabins of early settlers, but most of the Dutch houses have stoops in front, where neigh-

bors like to visit and gossip. The houses stand with their gabled ends toward the street, and at the back is a garden with vegetables and flower-beds.

It is the fashion in New Amsterdam to sit out-doors as much as the weather allows, on the stoop or in arbors or summer-houses in the gardens. The men smoke their pipes and tell stories while the women knit or sew.



Early Dutch Windmill.

If we visit a patroon's estate, we shall see as we draw near big windmills, like those in Holland, slowly turning their big white canvas sails in the wind. Near the grand house we shall find large gardens, bright with splendid tulips, lilies, and other beautiful blossoms; for the Dutch are very fond of flowers.

As we enter, the huge fireplace reminds us of those we saw in New England. And we see again the spinning-wheel and hand-loom. But the rest of the rich furniture is large and heavy.

The chief piece is the great chest of drawers and shelves set on casters. We are allowed to look in, and we see the finest pieces of family silver, choice dishes, and other costly treasures. There are other chests too, some for linen and clothing. There is a small one of very handsome wood with

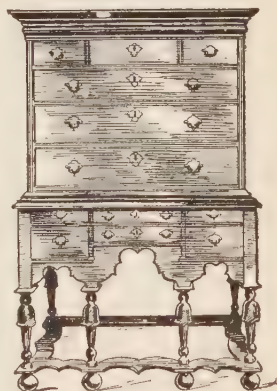
knobs of glass or silver or even gold. It is for trinkets and small pieces of table-ware.

But even in this handsome house we see no carpet. The floors are kept clean by constant scrubbing, and in some rooms they are sprinkled with sand made into straight or wavy lines by the broom.

The table is loaded with good things to eat, for all Dutch women are noted for their cooking. There are crullers and cookies, tarts and jellies, cream dishes, preserved fruits, and many other things which make us hungry to think about. To drink, there is buttermilk or beer.

In the bedroom we see high beds showing finely carved legs and posts. Here are little steps up which you must mount if you are to sleep in this fine bed. Then down, down you will sink into the soft feathers, forgetting all about the outside world.

Although the men of this colony seem slow and easy-going, nearly all are workers. They are honest and saving, and many have become rich. Perhaps the ship-owners and traders make the most money, for just as the South sends ship-loads of tobacco to Europe, so New York sends cargoes of fur in exchange for things made across the sea.



The Great Chest of Drawers
Set on Casters.

The little Dutch children go to school, for from the first the settlers have taken much interest in having their children taught.

There are more holidays here than in New England. The people take life more easily than the Puritans. They are fond of dress, of sports, and merrymakings. In the country they go to spinning-bees, house-raisings, corn-huskings, and dancing-parties; in the towns they enjoy horse-racing, bowling, and picnics.

They make much of Christmas, New Year's, and Easter. They gave us our Santa Claus for Christmas; they started the custom of making calls upon New Year's Day; they were the first to color eggs for Easter.

Perhaps after all you would have liked best to live in "little old New York."

PENNSYLVANIA

If we go on a make-believe visit to early Pennsylvania, we shall find customs differing from those in the other colonies. At least a third of the people living in this colony are Quakers; but we learn that besides these there are many Germans and Scotch-Irish, and some from other countries, all of whom are thrifty home-makers. Many of the Germans, we are told, have gone to live on the western border, where they continue to speak their own language.

Most of the houses in Philadelphia are built of brick or stone, and some have balconies. They look most attrac-

tive, set in the midst of gardens and apple and peach orchards. We notice about the city and along the roads which lead into the country rows of tall, straight Lombardy poplars. Penn first set the fashion for these trees. He planted an avenue of them on his estate, Pennsbury Manor, situated about thirty miles north of Philadelphia on the Delaware River.

We take horses, and following the road into the country we see a few miles out from the city fine country houses. They are surrounded by beautiful cedars, pruned into cones and pyramids, and have gardens carefully laid out in walks and alleys.

As we saunter along, the farmhouses look most comfortable. The better ones are of stone, and there is always a smoke-house and one or more very large barns. Beside each house we notice a little clay oven for baking; and often near by on a hillside there is a spring-house with a flat rock, over which cool spring water is flowing. Here, we are told, stand crocks of milk and jars of butter, and sometimes watermelons, cooling for midday refreshment, when the sun is very hot.

Returning from our ride, we go to the house where we are to spend a few days. Passing up the marble steps, we sound the knocker, and are invited into a room where the neatly sanded floor and spinning-wheel tell of order and industry in the home. The family welcomes us cordially, and on the evening of our arrival we mingle with other

guests at dinner, all sitting at a long table loaded with good things to eat. Fat oysters from the near-by Chesapeake, soup, boned turkey, roast duck, veal, and beef are followed by several kinds of pie and pudding, jelly and preserves, then nuts, raisins, apples, and oranges.

This is but one example of the whole-hearted hospitality of the Pennsylvania settlers. Another is noted in a beautiful custom in the thinly settled parts of the colony, where there are no inns and the houses are far apart. There the leading families on the main roads build a log fire at night in the great hall, set a table with food, and leave the front door unbarred so that tired and hungry travellers may enter and find rest and refreshment.

During our stay in Philadelphia we are invited by our kind hosts to join them in a visit to the famous Penn Charter School. One of the teachers tells us that there are few schools out in the country, but that some of the Scotch-Irish and German ministers teach the children of their congregations.

On the streets we see many people and on the river many vessels which are unloading cargoes at the wharfs, for much trading is carried on here. It is a busy scene. As we walk along, we notice street pumps and public bakeries. On Market Square stand the meeting-house and the public market, a long building, open at either end and with stalls on the sides.

The market is held every week on Wednesday and Satur-

day and is a justly famed feature of the colony. Here the thrifty housewife, with a basket on her arm, or attended by a maid with a basket, may be seen, in the early morning hours, buying household supplies. Meat, poultry, vegetables, fruit, milk, and butter are all of the first quality, for they have been produced on dairy farms and by families near the city, who have been carrying on the business for many years.

While most of the people are farmers, working their own farms with the aid of their families and some hired help, there are also traders in fur and iron, ship-builders, manufacturers of cloth, paper, and glass, and workers in other industries.

The Pennsylvania colonists are serious people and are hard workers, but they have many forms of amusement. Among these are horse-racing, bull-baiting, tavern parties, balls, and picnics for the townsfolk; while the young people in the country enjoy such pastimes as corn-huskings, house-raisings, and spinning-bees. All, whether living in town or country, have their sleighing-parties in winter, which sometimes end with supper at a tavern.

We shall long remember our pleasant visit to early Pennsylvania, where the people made us feel so much at home.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Imagine yourself in Maryland or Virginia in the early colonial days and tell all you can about the planter's house and what it contained.

2. Why were the people so glad to see a ship come in from England?
3. Tell what you know about the schools of the South.
4. What kind of sports did the people enjoy most? Can you think of any reason why they did not keep Thanksgiving Day but made much of Christmas?
5. Tell all you can about the houses of the early New England village.
6. As the people had no matches, how did they light the fire in the huge fire-places and how did they keep it going during the night?
7. How was meat roasted?
8. What kind of tables were used and what kind of dishes?
9. Tell as much as you can about the work of the farmers and the fishermen. Do you think you would have enjoyed working with them?
10. In what ways were the mothers kept busy? How did the boys and girls help their fathers and mothers?
11. Visit one of the schools and tell what you can about the schoolhouse and the books. What else do you notice?
12. Imagine yourself going to church in New England some Sunday morning and describe what you see.
13. What kind of amusements did the older people and the young people have?
14. Get a mental picture of the grand house on the patroon's huge estate in New Netherland and describe it to your classmates.
15. Tell all you can about the rich furniture and the floors in this house. Would you feel at home in such a house?
16. Go into a bedroom and describe the high beds you see there.
17. What kind of food did the Dutch women enjoy cooking?
18. What kind of workers were the Dutch?
19. What do you know about Dutch sports and holidays? Compare them with the sports and holidays in the South and in New England.
20. Tell all you can about the houses in early Pennsylvania; also about the Lombardy poplars in Philadelphia and along the roads in the country.
21. Think of yourself as riding out into the country with some friends and describe what you see as you saunter along the road.

22. Imagine that you are a guest at a dinner-party in early Pennsylvania and tell all you can about the good things which are served to you.
23. The people in the thinly settled parts of the colony had a beautiful way of treating tired and hungry travellers at night. Can you recall the custom?
24. Take a make-believe walk on the streets of Philadelphia in the far-away time of which we are speaking and give a full account of what you see.
25. Go with the thrifty housewife on her early morning visit to the market that was held every week on Wednesday and Saturday. What do you see, and what does she buy to take home in her basket?
26. In what ways did the people of Pennsylvania amuse themselves?
27. Compare the amusements of these people with those of early Virginia and Maryland; with those in New England.
28. Where do you think you would have had the best time, in the South, in New England, or in Pennsylvania?

CHAPTER XVIII

FATHER MARQUETTE

THUS far we have not said much about the French people in the New World. But we must not think that there were none here during all the years when the English were planting settlements along the Atlantic coast.

You remember how Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence in search of the Northwest Passage to China, and how Champlain fought in the battle with Iroquois Indians on the shore of Lake Champlain.

This same Champlain had planted a French colony at Quebec. Indeed, he did so much there for his country that he has been called "the father of New France."

At first the French came in small numbers. They were mostly traders in furs, although some made a living by cod-fishing and some by farming. They were very friendly with the Indians. They joined them in their sports and in their ways of living. They sometimes even married Indian squaws.

But besides the trader in fur and the soldier with his musket, there were in the French settlements many Catholic priests. Some were called Jes'u-its. These men did

not come to the New World to make money, but to make Christians of the Indians.

They went from village to village through the wild forest, in summer paddling the streams and lakes in their birch-bark canoes, and in winter skimming lightly and rapidly along on snow-shoes.

They passed through many dangers. Often they suffered from hunger and cold. Some of them were cruelly tortured, and some were burnt at the stake. But those who were spared kept faithfully on with the good work.

One of these brave priests was Father Mar-quette'. He came to Canada nearly sixty years after Champlain made the settlement at Quebec. From there he went far to the west, and on the north side of the Strait of Mack'i-nac built a little bark chapel, where he worked faithfully to make Christians of the red men.

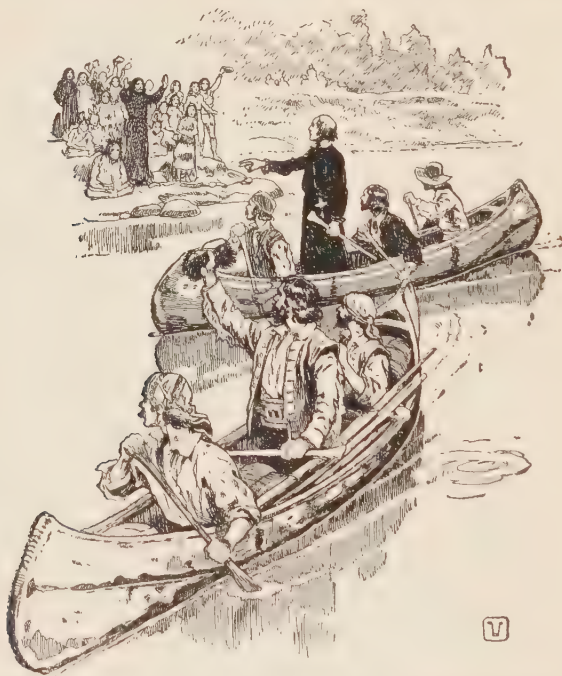
One day an Indian hunter told him of a great river lying still farther to the west. Father Marquette kept thinking of it and of the work he might do in the Indian villages along its banks. After a while he made up his mind to go



Statue of James Marquette.

in search of this river. Along with him went a fur-trader, Lou'is Jo'li-et.

In May, 1673, with five trained woodsmen, they started on their long journey. Smoothly they glided over the blue



The priest, in his long black robe, in one canoe, and Joliet in the other.

waters of Lake Michigan in two bark canoes, well supplied with smoked meat and Indian-corn. The priest, in his long back robe, sat in one canoe, and Joliet, wearing a hunting-suit of buckskin and a fur cap, in the other.

When the shadows of late afternoon fell, they went

ashore. Gathering wood, they kindled a fire, took the food out of the canoes, and turned them up so that they could creep under them for a shelter at night.

On either side of the fire they drove two forked sticks firmly into the ground, and across them laid a green log. Here they hung their kettle and boiled some corn, and over the blazing logs, on long-handled forks made of green sticks, they broiled the fish they had caught during the day.

Their active day in the open air must have made this simple meal taste like a royal feast.

After supper they smoked their pipes and talked, and then turned in for the night. Wrapping themselves in their blankets, with their heads sheltered by the overturned canoes and their feet stretched out toward the fire, they went to sleep.

THE FRENCH EXPLORERS AND THE INDIANS

Travelling in this way, they passed on to the head of Green Bay and, entering Fox River, soon came upon an Indian town. Here they asked for guides, who showed them the way through the forest to the Wis-con'sin River.

Once more launching their canoes, they paddled downstream. A week later they entered the mighty Mississippi, of which the Indians far back in Mackinac had told them. No white man had ever been there before.

Wishing to explore the river still further, they made

their way slowly downstream, and at length reached the mouth of the Arkansas.

One day, as they were about to land, they suddenly found themselves in great danger. A band of young braves, with tomahawks and war-clubs raised over their heads, rushed toward the Frenchmen at the river-bank as if they were going to murder them.

But the good Father Marquette calmly held high the pipe of peace, and the older Indians, calling back the youths, became friendly and received the white men in a kindly way.

On their way farther down the river, the explorers visited other Indian villages. But as the natives were not friendly to them, they decided to return. They feared that if they should go further, they might be killed by Indians or captured by Spaniards.

They had already learned from the Indians that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico and not into the Pacific Ocean. The stream, therefore, was not the passage to the Pacific which they were seeking.

Turning northward, they travelled back toward Green Bay, which they reached safely after having been away four months. They had made a journey of more than twenty-five hundred miles. In so doing, they had given France a claim to a vast territory in the New World, on the ground that Frenchmen had discovered it.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell all you can about the work of the Catholic priests among the Indians. How did many of these priests suffer?
2. Why did Father Marquette make his long journey down the Mississippi River?
3. Imagine yourself with him and tell about how the little company of Frenchmen spent the night on the shore.
4. How did this long journey help the French people? What do you admire in Father Marquette?

CHAPTER XIX

ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE

THE story of Marquette's voyage made a stir in France. Already the French had control of the St. Lawrence River. If now they could get control of the Mississippi also, they might build up a trade which would pour vast sums into the nation's treasury and make France very rich.

To do this, a young Frenchman, La Salle, gave the best years of his life. He was only twenty-three years old when he came to the New World. He too had hopes of finding the Northwest Passage, but meanwhile there were two great plans which he wished to carry out.

One was to build a chain of trading posts along the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi River; and the other was to plant a French colony and fort at the mouth of the Mississippi.

After long and careful planning, he built a small vessel, the *Griffin*, on the Ni-ag'ara River, to carry him and his crew through the lakes on their way to the Mississippi.

They started in August, 1679. The voyage was a stormy one, but they reached Green Bay in September.

Here La Salle found a large quantity of furs, which

some of his men had gone ahead to collect for him. He loaded them on the Griffin and sent her back to Niagara, for he expected by selling the furs to get money to pay for his journey down the Mississippi.

Not waiting for the return of the Griffin, La Salle, with



From a painting by Carlton T. Chapman.

Launching the Griffin.

fourteen men and four canoes, went ahead on his journey. They paddled down the west side of Lake Michigan as far as the St. Joseph River. Landing here they built a fort, and then went on to the Il-li-nois' country, where they built another fort.

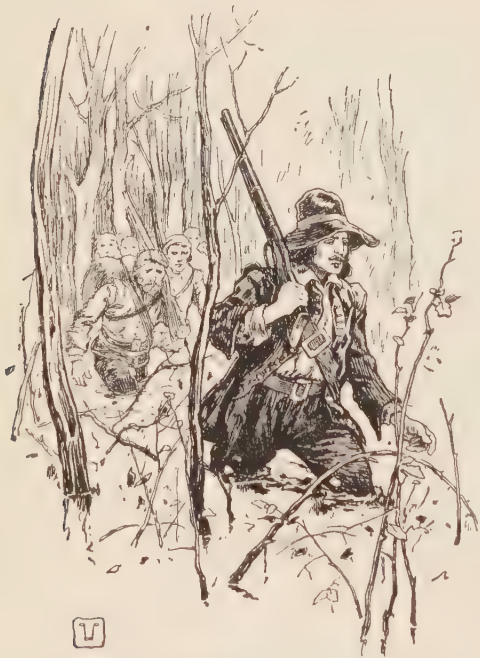
All this time La Salle was expecting news of the Griffin. As day after day passed he grew anxious, and finally gave

up hope. Indeed, he never heard from the little vessel again. But he must have a ship, so he planned to go back to Canada.

Leaving a few men to guard the forts which he had built, and taking four Frenchmen, an Indian hunter, a supply of powder and shot and blankets, and skins for moccasins, he started (March 1, 1680) for Canada.

It was a terrible journey. Sometimes the streams were frozen, and they had to drag the canoes on sledges. At other times the ice was not thick enough to bear their weight, but too thick for them to break a passage for the canoes, which then had to be carried on the men's shoulders through the woods.

When they reached



For sixty-five days this painful journey lasted.

the St. Jo'seph River, they struck out across country. The woods were thick and full of danger. Thorny underbrush tore their clothing into shreds and cut their faces and hands. For three days they endured great suffering. Then a rapid journey of two days more brought them to a marshy country.

One night they took off their drenched clothing, and, wrapping themselves in blankets, slept on a dry hill. But



Here, in the name of the French king, he planted a column and a cross.

in the morning they had to build a fire to thaw their frozen clothes before they could put them on.

For sixty-five days this painful journey lasted.

Yet the end of La Salle's journey did not bring the end

of his troubles. When he got back to the Illinois country with fresh supplies, he could find neither the forts nor the men he had left there. Perhaps the men had been captured and the forts destroyed by the Indians.

LA SALLE REACHES THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI

So again he had to make his way back to Canada to get a vessel there, but he could not get one. Then, in spite of all discouragements, he started out for the third time, saying, "We will go even in canoes."

Two years and a half had passed since his first start in the Griffin. At last (February, 1682) he was ready. Then, with twenty-three Frenchmen and thirty-one Indians, he began his journey down the Mississippi. His little fleet of bark canoes made a picture far different from the one he had seen in his mind when building the Griffin. But it was the best he could do.

After some weeks, he reached the Gulf of Mexico and landed. Here, in the name of the French king, he planted a column and a cross, and claimed all the land drained by the Mississippi River and its branches. He called it Lou-i-an'a in honor of Louis XIV, King of France.

La Salle had carried out the first part of his plan—that of building forts and trading posts along his route. Now it remained to found a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi.

To get help for this, he had to go to France. His plan

met with favor there, and with men and supplies he sailed back to America in the summer of 1684.

But new trouble awaited him. He missed the mouth of the Mississippi, and landed some four hundred miles to the west of it on the coast of what is now Texas.

Here he built a fort. Then trials came thick and fast. The Indians attacked him. For lack of food, many of his men became sick, and a large number died. He was the only one who did not lose heart.

Day after day he kept looking for help from France, but it did not come. For two years he fought like a

hero with dangers and hardships. Then it was plain that something must be done at once to save the colony. So the iron-willed La Salle resolved to go to Canada for supplies.

In January, 1687, with seventeen men and five horses,



U

One morning one of them shot him dead.

he started on the long, perilous journey north from Texas to Canada through the trackless forest. He alone had faith in ever reaching the end of the journey.

The men were afraid. To them the forest meant disease, famine, Indians, wild beasts, and heat or cold too intense to bear. They cared nothing for their heroic leader. In fact, they had already suffered so much in following him that they had come to hate him.

Since there was no other way of escape, they planned to murder him; and one morning, as he came forward to speak, one of them shot him dead. This was about two months after they had left the fort.

Such was the end of one of the bravest and boldest of the French explorers. Although he was not able to carry out his plans, he did much for his country. He gave France a better right to claim a large part of the American continent.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What two great plans did La Salle wish to carry out? Did he succeed?
2. Think of yourself as having been with him in his dangerous journey through the woods in the spring of 1681, and tell what happened.
3. Tell all you can about the trials of La Salle and his men at the fort in Texas.
4. Why did his men kill him? What do you think of him?

CHAPTER XX

STORIES OF THE NEW ENGLANDERS AND THE INDIANS

WHILE the French were exploring Canada and the West and were living mostly as traders among the Indians, the English were planting settlements along the Atlantic Coast from New England to Georgia.

Most of them paid the Indians for their land; but the red men did not know at first that the English would cut down the forests, and so take away their hunting-grounds.

When they came to understand this, they seized the first excuse for trying to drive them off again. So there was much fighting between the English and the red men. A large part of this took place in New England.

Soon after Thomas Hooker and his company came to the Connecticut Valley, they had a war with the Pequot Indians, a fierce and powerful tribe then living in the southern part of what is now Connecticut.

These Indians killed two traders from Massachusetts, and stole their goods. When the people in Massachusetts tried to punish them, the Indians began to torture and

murder all the men, women, and children they could lay their hands on. They killed over thirty, and the settlers in the valley of the Connecticut saw that they must either conquer the Pequots or leave the country.



They sailed down the Connecticut River.

So they prepared at once to send a body of men against the Pequot fort. They sailed down the Connecticut River and along the coast eastward, landing near the mouth of the Thames River. There they pitched their tents for the night.

Before daybreak the next morning, they advanced slowly and silently upon the Indians, who were still asleep in their stronghold. This was a village of wigwams, sur-



This was a village of wigwams, surrounded by a palisade.

rounded by a palisade, ten or twelve feet high, having only two doors, each just wide enough for one man to pass through.

The first alarm was the barking of a dog; next came the cry of a waking Indian. Quickly the white soldiers hurried to the openings to keep the Indians from escaping. Some rushed into the fort and others threw fire-brands among the wigwams from the outside and set them on fire.

The red men fought bravely, but in vain. Many were burned alive, and others were killed as they rushed to the gates or jumped over the palisade. Only fourteen survived, of whom seven were captured. The others escaped.

KING PHILIP'S WAR

It was some forty years before New England had any further serious trouble from the Indians. Then a very able chief, called by the English "King Phil'ip," made a last mighty effort to free the land from the whites.

King Philip was the son and successor of Massasoit, who, as you remember, made peace with Governor Carver in Plymouth. Philip himself opened the war in June, 1675, on the little village of Swan'sea, a group of forty houses not far from his home. While the people were gathered in the meeting-house to pray for peace, a band of his Indians stole into the town and set fire to two of the houses. Then they killed men, women, and children, and drove off the cattle.

During the following spring, the Plymouth colony was set upon by Indians, and many houses were burned.

This thoroughly aroused the colonists. Every settler in New England, able to carry a musket, took up arms, and the Indians soon had the worst of it. Their fields were laid



King Phillip.

waste, and, without food, many of them lost courage and had to give up.

To bring the war to an end, a great fighter, Captain Church, was put at the head of a large force. From that time on Philip was hunted from one hiding-place to another, until at last he made his way to Mount Hope, in the Rhode Island swamp, the home of his childhood.

Here Captain Church defeated the Indians and took Philip's wife and son captive. Philip himself came near losing his life. "My heart breaks," he cried in bitterness. "Now I am ready to die!" He escaped, however, and found shelter in an Indian camp.

But Captain Church followed close upon him and with his men surrounded the camp. While trying to get away, Philip was shot dead.

This put an end to King Philip's War, which was a costly one to the English settlements. Twelve or thirteen of the towns of Massachusetts and Plymouth had been destroyed, and nearly one thousand men slain.

But in central and southern New England the power of the Indians was forever broken. They did no further harm, except, as we shall see in the next chapter, in their raids with the French on the northern frontier.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Do you understand why there was much fighting between the English and the Indians?
2. Tell all you can about the attack upon the Pequot fort.
3. What did King Philip try to do in his war against the New England settlers?
4. How did the war end? What do you think of King Philip?

CHAPTER XXI

STORIES OF THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH

Now let us go back to a time seven years after William Penn settled Pennsylvania and La Salle reached the mouth of the Mississippi. These two events happened about the same time. We shall find England and France at war. This war is the first of four long and bitter wars between these two countries.

In America the English and French colonies took up the fight. Let us see what kind of war the settlers of the new country carried on.

The French would begin the fighting. Their method was to stir up the Indians on the border. Then the red men would steal through the silent forests, and, waiting for nightfall, would attack the villages and cabins where the English settlers lay asleep. The sleepers awoke to be killed outright, or tortured to death, or carried off as prisoners.

One of the attacks was made upon Schenectady (1690). Picture to yourself the sleeping settlement. A palisade surrounds the village, but, as the settlers are not expecting an attack, no sentinels guard the gates, which in fact are not

even closed. As make-believe sentinels, two snow-men stand in front of one of them.

It is a little before midnight, and a party of French and Indians are stealing quietly upon the fort, stopping



Indians are stealing quietly upon the fort, stopping now and then to listen.

now and then to listen. They enter one of the open gates and silently file about the village until they entirely surround it. Then suddenly the warwhoop rings out, and the Indians begin their deadly work.

In a few minutes the village is on fire. Most of the people are slaughtered or made captive. The rest, with but little clothing, flee through a raging snow-storm to

Albany, seventeen miles away. Twenty-five die on the way from cold and hardship. What a night of terror!

Other attacks followed. Seven years later (1697), the



They forced the mother and nurse to march with them toward Canada.

Indians attacked Haverhill, Massachusetts. Forty of the settlers were killed or captured, and nine were burned to death.

When the Indians began the attack, Thomas Dus'tin was riding on horseback from Haverhill to his farm outside

the town. On seeing the Indians, he hurried back to his home to save his wife and seven children.

"Children," he cried, "run for your lives to the block-house." They obeyed, and he kept himself between them and the red men until they were safe within it.

His wife and little baby, however, could not escape. They and the nurse were taken prisoners and put in charge of an Indian family of twelve —two braves, three squaws, and seven children. The Indians killed the baby, and then forced the mother and nurse to march with them toward Canada.

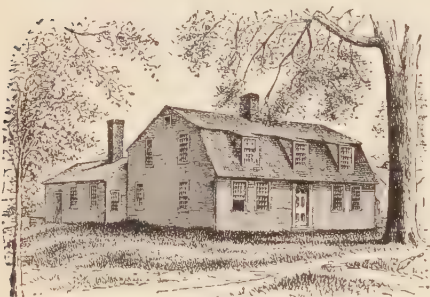
After twelve hours the party came to a halt not far from Concord, New Hampshire. Besides the two women, an English boy was also a captive. He had been with the Indians long enough to know their language, and heard them say that at the end of their journey they would torture the white women.

Mrs. Dustin made up her mind to attempt an escape. So while the Indians slept, the two women and the boy quietly arose, and with tomahawks killed all but two of the Indians—an old squaw and a boy. Then with the scalps of their ten victims, they paddled their way in a bark canoe and got back to an English settlement on the Merrimac.

THE INDIANS ATTACK DEERFIELD

Some years later (1704) at Deer'field, Massachusetts, the Indians made another attack. In the attacking party were two hundred and fifty French and Indians.

It was a very cold night. The village was surrounded



Old House at Deerfield, Mass.

by a palisade, but the snow-drifts were so high that it was easy to climb over and get inside of the stronghold.

A few of the Indians, entering in this way, opened the gates

and let in the rest. They captured the town, set fire to the dwellings, and killed forty of the settlers. One hundred and twelve were made prisoners and marched through the snow to Canada.

John Wil'iams, the Deerfield minister, and his wife and family were among the captives. Mrs. Williams was not strong, and by the second day she was unable to keep up with the march. One blow from a tomahawk ended her sorrow. About twenty prisoners were murdered along the way.

Mr. Williams arrived at Montreal, where he lived as a captive two and one-half years. He was then returned to Massachusetts through an exchange of prisoners.

But the Indians would not give up his daughter, Eunice, who was then a child of seven years. She was taken to an



The English Colonies and the French Claims in 1754.

Indian village, and when she grew up she married an Indian chief.

You will want to know the rest of her story. In later years, she visited the place of her childhood. But she would not stay long. She was uneasy to get back to her free camp life and to her Indian children.

Many murderous raids like these took place in the first

three wars between the English and the French settlers in America. There was still another and greater, called the Last French War. You need not be told a great many things about the fighting itself. But you should know what the war was about, a few events which show what kind of war it was, and also how it ended.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell all you can about the attack which the French and the Indians made upon Schenectady.
2. What did Mr. Dustin do when the Indians began the attack upon Haverhill? What did Mrs. Dustin do after she was taken prisoner?
3. Can you tell what happened to Mr. Williams and his wife?
4. In how many wars did the English and the French settlers take part?

CHAPTER XXII

THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH IN NORTH AMERICA

WE have seen how the French planted trading posts and built forts along the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River. They had other forts along the St. Lawrence. So they had control of the two largest river valleys in America. The French also claimed the Ohio River valley, but so did the English.

In order to make good their claims, the English formed the Ohio Company and began to send out settlers to occupy the land.

Then the French hastened to put up forts in the same region. One of their forts was quite near the place where the city of Erie now stands. Two others were farther south along the Alleghany River.

When the people of Virginia found out what the French were doing, they did not like it. So the governor sent a messenger to ask the French what it meant, and to warn them that they were building forts on English land. The person chosen to carry this message was George Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Let us find out who this young man was, and why the governor trusted him with an errand so important.



The two were together much of the time. They often spent the afternoons fox hunting.

He was born on February 22, 1732, the son of a rich planter whose lands lay along the Potomac River. At an early age he was sent to a school near by, where he learned a little reading, writing, and ciphering. That does not seem a great deal to us, but it was a good beginning.

George had great fun at all kinds of boyish sports, such as running, leaping, and wrestling; and he easily led in them, for he was strong and rugged, and always played fair.

He led the boys not only in sports, but also in other

ways, and he was often called upon to settle their disputes. Nobody ever doubted his word, for he was always truthful.

He was a very careful boy, and neat about his work.



When he needed some one to survey land, he chose Washington for the task.

“Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well,” was his motto, and he stuck to it through life.

When he grew up he was still fond of out-door sports. He loved the woods and the fields, and a good gallop on horseback. There was much need at that time of surveying,—that is, measuring off land, one man’s from another’s. Washington learned to do this and his careful habits as a boy helped him very much as a surveyor.

When he was sixteen a friendship was begun which had much to do with his later life.

At that time his home was at Mt. Vernon, and near by lived an English gentleman, Lord Fair'fax. This tall, slender, white-haired gentleman of sixty took a great liking to the strong, manly youth of sixteen, and the two were together much of the time. They often spent the mornings in surveying and the afternoons in fox-hunting.

The more Lord Fairfax learned to know young George Washington, the more he trusted him. And when he needed some one to survey land far out beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, he chose Washington for the task.

Washington was at this time barely sixteen. Yet with a single companion a few years older, he started out, both youths on horseback. They carried guns, because they would need them not only to protect themselves from wild beasts and Indians, but also to kill game; for while they were away from home, they would have to depend mainly upon hunting for their supply of food.

The account which George himself has left enables us to picture them riding alone through the forest with no road except perhaps, at times, the trail of Indians or wild animals.

After reaching the end of their journey they had to live in the simplest way. For example, Washington tells of a night in a woodman's cabin, where he had nothing but a mat of straw for his bed with but a single blanket for cover.

He wrote in his diary: "I made a promise to sleep so no more, choosing rather to sleep in the open air before the fire."

Again, in a letter to a friend, he says: "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but after walking a good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire."

At another time in the same diary he wrote: "We camped in the woods, and after we had pitched our tent, and made a large fire, we pulled out our knapsacks to recruit ourselves. Every one was his own cook. Our spits were forked sticks; our plates were large chips." As for bread, most of the time, if not all, they had none; and they drank only pure water from running streams.

There were many dangers and hardships, but in meeting them Washington was becoming more manly and learning many things which as a leader of men he had to know. He was coming close to the Indians, traders, and woodsmen, and learning to understand them.

He was also becoming better known to the men of his own colony, who were going to need him. One of those who were watching him was the governor of Virginia. Now can you guess why, some years after he returned from this trip, young George Washington was the one picked out to bear the message to the commander of the French forts?

It was in the autumn of 1753 that Washington started

on that dangerous journey to the Ohio Valley. With only seven companions he set out through the thick forests.

They had to push through the deep snows in the midst of heavy storms. Many times there was not even the trail of Indians nor the path of wild beasts to guide them.

It was December when they reached the French fort about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie.

Soon after arriving, Washington delivered the message from the governor of Virginia. He was received in a courteous way. But while waiting for an answer to the message he had brought, he found out that the French were trying to persuade his Indian guide to leave him.

After receiving a reply from the French commander, on December 14, he set out on his return home. The horses were so tired and weak from their hard journey that he had to leave most of his party to follow slowly, while with a single companion, Christopher Gist, he pushed forward on foot. Dressed like an Indian, with a pack containing his journal and papers on his back, Washington presents an interesting picture as he makes his way, gun in hand, through the lonely forest.

Not far from the French fort he and his companion were joined by some Indians, one of whom consented to act as their guide. A little later this guide suddenly turned and shot at Washington. The Indian said his gun went off by chance. Washington and Gist knew better, but it seemed wise to let him go unpunished and send him away.

The two men then hurried rapidly forward with the purpose of getting as far away as they could from the unfriendly Indians who had joined them.

At another time, he had a narrow escape from drowning, for the Allegheny River, which they had to cross, was broken up into great blocks of floating ice.

There was but one thing to do. Taking turns with the only hatchet they had, they spent a day in making a raft. Then they launched it.

The swirling blocks of ice lunged at their craft, and many times it seemed as if it must go under. Once Washington's foot slipped. It was a desperate moment, but he caught himself up and at last they touched the shore.

The night was bitter cold, but they dared not build a fire for fear of the Indians. When morning came, the hands and feet of Washington's companion were frozen. How they must have suffered!

Finally, after an absence of more than two and a half months, they reached home.

But the answer which Washington brought from the French made it plain that they did not intend to leave the Ohio country.

THE LAST FRENCH WAR BEGINS

At once the Ohio Company sent out a party of men to build a log fort, at the place (now Pittsburg) where two great rivers unite to form the Ohio. Shortly after, Wash-

ington himself was sent with a body of soldiers to defend it. But before it could be built, French troops came down from Canada in canoes and drove away the workmen.

The French calmly finished the fort for themselves and called it Fort Duquesne (du-căn'). Then a large body of French soldiers advanced to meet Washington, defeated

him in a battle at Great Meadows, and forced him to march back to Virginia.

This was in the spring of 1754. The war to decide who owned the Ohio Valley had begun, and soon grew into a war which would decide who owned the greater part of North America.



The French in the Ohio Valley.

As you may remember, the English had made settlements all along the Atlantic coast, while most of the French had settled in Canada. There were fifteen times as many English settlers as there were French; but the English lived and worked in separate groups, while the French were all together.

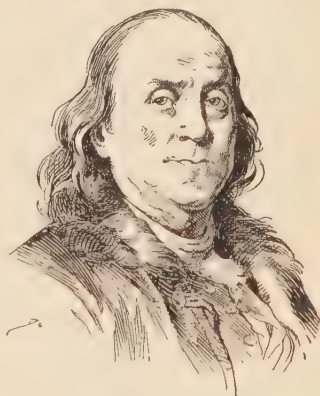
Some sort of union was very much needed among the English colonies.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

One of their leading men tried to bring it about. His name was Ben'ja-min Frank'lin, and he was truly a great man.

He had such an important part in what happened to the colonies then and later that we should know something about his life. It is full of interest.

His father was a candle-maker, and when Benjamin was only ten he went to work in his father's shop. Here he did such things as cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds with tallow, selling soap in the shop, and acting as errand-boy.



Benjamin Franklin.

Although he was faithful in all his work, he did not enjoy doing these things. But he was fond of being outdoors, and near the water. He could swim and row and sail boats better than most of the boys.

He had good habits. He was never idle, because he put a high value upon time. He never spent money foolishly, because he knew the easiest way to make money was to save what he had.

He was very fond of books and reading. On that account his father put him into a printer's shop in Boston

owned by his older brother. But Benjamin thought his brother was not quite fair with him, and he set out to seek his fortune alone. He was then seventeen.

He went to Philadelphia where most of his life was spent. He arrived there early one Sunday morning. Soon young Franklin, poorly clad and with only a little money in his pocket, was making his way alone through the streets. He was cheerful and full of hope, but he was hungry for his breakfast. Going to a baker's shop he bought three large rolls. As his pockets were already stuffed with shirts and stockings, he tucked one roll under each arm and walked up Market Street eating the third. If you could have seen him you would have been amused just as Deborah Read was. She stood at the door of her father's home watching him as he passed by. Little did she think this funny-looking young stranger would one day become the greatest man in Philadelphia, and even in Pennsylvania. Little did she think that one day, not many years after that morning, she would become his wife. Both these things came to pass.

Years after this he set up in the printing business for himself. But in order to do it, he had to borrow money. To pay off the debt he worked early and late, and sometimes made his own ink and cast type with his own hands. He would even go with a wheelbarrow to bring to the printing-office the paper he needed.

His wife assisted him by selling stationery in his shop

as well as by saving in the household, where the furnishings and food were very simple. Franklin's usual breakfast was milk and bread, which he ate out of a wooden porringer with a pewter spoon.

In all these years of struggle Franklin was cheerful and light-hearted. No matter where he was, or how hard he had to work, he always found time to read and improve his mind.

Here are some of the rules he made: "Be orderly about your work. Do not waste anything. Never be idle. When you decide to do anything, do it with a brave heart."

Some of the wisest things Franklin ever said appeared in an almanac which he published and called "Poor Richard's Almanack." Beginning when he was twenty-six years of age, he published it yearly for twenty-five years. It contained many homely maxims which are as good to-day as they were in Franklin's time. Here are a few of them:

"God helps them that help themselves."

"Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"Little strokes fell great oaks."

"Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee."

People liked "Poor Richard's Almanack" very much, and it became well known everywhere.

Franklin also liked to make things that were useful in the home. Perhaps you have seen a Franklin stove. This

invention was so much better than the open fireplace that it soon came to be widely used.

But the most wonderful of all the things he did was to prove that e-lec-tric'i-ty was the same thing as the lightning seen in the clouds. This was how he did it: After making a kite out of silk and fastening to it a small iron rod, he attached to the kite and to the iron rod a string made of hemp. One day when a thunder-storm was coming up he went out with his little son and took his stand under a shelter in the open field. At one end of the hempen string was fastened an iron key, and to this was tied a silken string, which Franklin held in his hand. By using this silken string he protected himself against the electric current, as electricity will not run through silk.

When the kite rose high into the air, Franklin watched intently to see what would happen. After a while the fibres of the hempen string began to move, and then Franklin, putting his knuckles near the key, drew forth sparks of electricity. He was delighted, for he had proved that the lightning in the clouds was the same thing as the electricity that men of science could make with machines.

You would hardly expect a man of these tastes to be the one to work out a plan to unite the English colonies. Yet it was he who, seeing clearly that the English colonies would be much stronger if they would work together, proposed in 1754 a "Plan of Union."

This was a step toward the union which the colonies

made later in the struggle against England which we call the American Revolution. But at this time, they were not far-seeing enough to get together and ward off the Indians. So the war was fought out by the different groups in different parts of the country.

ENGLAND'S HELP

In 1755 England sent out help to her colonies. General Brad'dock with a large number of English troops came over, and made plans to march against Fort Duquesne. He invited Washington to be one of his aids.

Braddock's task was a hard one. He had to cut a road through the forest much of the way, and at the same time fight the Indians. He was used to making war in the open fields of Europe, but of this woodland warfare he knew nothing.

Washington warned him to be on the lookout against the Indian way of fighting. But he thought he knew more about the business of war than young Washington, and he paid no attention to this warning.

After many toilsome days of marching, at last, when within eight miles of the French fort, they had a battle. First they suddenly saw a man bounding along the pathway just ahead. He was dressed like an Indian. Catching sight of the British army, he turned and waved his hat. At once a body of French soldiers and Indian warriors dashed out from the underbrush and a hideous warwhoop rent the air.

Then, as suddenly as they had come, the French and the Indians vanished. They had run back and, hiding behind trees and bushes where Braddock and his men could not see them, they shot down the English by hundreds. Braddock's men could only fire blindly into the dense forests. They could not see a single man.



Braddock's toilsome march through the wilderness.

After two hours of fighting, the English threw away their guns and fled for their lives.

Braddock fought bravely. So did Washington. Two horses were shot from under him and four bullets tore through his clothing, but he was not hurt. Seven hundred men were either killed or wounded, among them Braddock himself, who received a mortal wound.

The defeat was a terrible one. If Washington had not managed to get the army back, it would have been even worse. Such was the result of the first real battle of the last French War.

THE ACADIANS

During the same year in which General Braddock was defeated, war was going on far to the north, and a very sad thing happened. This was the removal of the A-ca'-di-ans from their homeland.

The Acadians were simple French peasants living in what we now call No'va Sco'tia. They called it A-ca'di-a, and they or their forefathers had lived there since early in the seventeenth century.

They did not like the English, and, although their land had come under English control, they themselves remained French at heart and loyal to France. They would not promise to be faithful to England. Nor would they promise to join the English armies against the French or the Indians.

It was quite plain to the English that if the French should attack Acadia, the people there would rise as one man to help them against the English. For this reason, they decided to move the Acadians away and scatter them among the English colonies.

In doing this, they tried to keep the people of each village together on the vessels that carried them away. But in the grief of partings and in the confusion of getting

off, husbands were separated from their wives and mothers from their children. And they never saw one another again.



The Acadians were torn from their homes and carried into strange lands.

By this cruel act six thousand Acadians were torn from their homes and carried into strange lands.

Before the Acadians sailed away, their houses and barns were burned, so as to be of no use to any who might try to

remain behind. Some day you will read the pitiful stories of the Acadians in a beautiful poem, *Evangeline*, by Longfellow.

THE ENGLISH BEGIN TO WIN

For the next three years, the French got the best of the fighting. But in 1758 and 1759, the English began to win.

They drove the French from Fort Duquesne and named it Fort Pitt, after William Pitt, who was then at the head of affairs in England. At the north they also drove the French from their strongholds on Lake George and Lake Champlain.¹

They next set out to conquer the French in the St. Lawrence Valley. To do this, they had to capture Quebec, the most important French stronghold on the St. Lawrence River.

GENERAL WOLFE

For this great task William Pitt picked out James Wolfe, who became the hero of Quebec. He is indeed one of the heroes of the world.

At this time he was thirty-two years old. To look at him you would never imagine that he was a soldier. He

¹ One of the colonial leaders who took an important part in defeating the French was Sir William Johnson. He was an Englishman who had settled on the Mohawk River, where he lived in a large stone mansion. He knew well the language of the Indians and their customs. He lived their life, joining in their sports and sitting at their council fires. He always treated them fairly so that they trusted him and came to love him. In fact, the Mohawks adopted him into their nation and made him a war chief. It is said that no other man at that time had so much power over the Iroquois Indians.

was tall and thin, with narrow shoulders and frail body. His hair was red and his face plain, but his beautiful eyes were full of thought and showed a fearless spirit.



James Wolfe.

His health was never robust. As a child he had often been sick, and at this time he was suffering from a disease which must soon have ended his life. But he had an iron will and a strong wish to serve his country in some way.

Although he had a hot temper, he had a tender and frank nature, which helped him to make friends and to keep them. His soldiers loved him and were willing to follow him through any dangers even to death.

It was in June, 1759, that Wolfe with an army of nearly nine thousand men cast anchor in the St. Lawrence River not far from Quebec. The town stood on a rocky cliff two hundred feet above the river. Wolfe saw from the first that it would be no easy task to capture this place, so hard to reach.

And there were many hardships to endure. His soldiers suffered from the intense heat and drenching rains. Many



An English Soldier of Wolfe's Army.

were sick, and Wolfe himself became ill with a fever. But he would not give up. Although in great pain most of the time, he went from tent to tent among his men, trying to give them courage.

He said to his doctor: "I know you cannot cure me. But pray make me up so that I can be without pain for a few days, and able to do my duty. That is all I want." You see he feared that his weak body would not keep him alive long enough for him to finish his task.

At last, after much waiting and searching, he discovered a pathway up the steep cliff leading to the fort. Then he knew that the best way to defeat Montcalm, the French commander, was to get the English army up to the plain by this pathway.



Montcalm.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

So Wolfe took a number of men in boats up the river to a point nine miles above the place where he intended to make the attack. Two hours after midnight, on September 13, the signal was given for the advance. It was a clear, starlit night, but as there was no moon the English were hidden in darkness while they moved slowly down the river.

Let us imagine ourselves standing by Wolfe's side as the boats float quietly down the stream. He is speaking in low tones.

We listen closer. He is repeating the words of a poem that he loves. One line seems to make him sad: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." He has come to the end. He pauses and says gently: "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec."



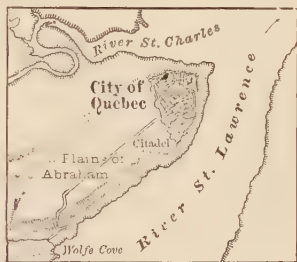
Each man had to pull himself up by clinging to the roots and bushes.

clinging to the roots and bushes. But by six o'clock in the morning Wolfe had his army drawn up in line ready for battle. It had been an anxious night for the sick young English general.

But it was no less so for Montcalm. Though not sick in body, he was sick at heart. He was fighting for a

losing cause, and he knew it. He had not men enough to defend the city, he was short of supplies, and the people of the city did not stand by him. He said that he had not taken off his clothes to rest since the twenty-third of June.

About six o'clock that morning he heard musket shots and the firing of cannon. Mounting his black horse, he rode at once toward Quebec. When he saw in the distance the British soldiers drawn up in red ranks, he said to an officer who was riding by his side: "This is serious business."



Quebec and Surroundings.

At ten o'clock the French advanced upon the English. The struggle was a bitter one, but the French lost the battle.

Wolfe was struck by three bullets, the last of which brought him to the earth. Then four of his men bore him tenderly and lovingly to the rear.

A moment later some one said:

"They run! See how they run!" The dying man opened his eyes as if waking from a deep sleep, and said: "Who runs?"

"The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere."

"Now," said Wolfe, as he breathed his last, "God be praised; I will die in peace."

Montcalm also received a mortal wound. But, sup-

ported by his soldiers, he kept his saddle as he rode through the town. When told that he could not live many hours, he said: "So much the better. Thank God, I shall not live to see Quebec surrendered."

Five days later Quebec passed out of the hands of the French into the hands of the English. Not even then, however, did France give way, and for a while it seemed almost as if she might get back at least her own lands. But it was too late.

By the treaty of peace, in 1763, she gave up to Spain the land between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, and to England she gave up Canada and the land east of the Mississippi.

North America was now in the hands of England and Spain, and England had control of all the land east of the Mississippi except Florida.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Do you know the cause of the last French War? the great result?
2. What did young George Washington learn at school? What boyish sports did he enjoy and what kind of boy was he?
3. Imagine yourself on horseback with him and his one companion as he rides miles and miles through the lonely woods to the land beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. What are some things you would see on the journey?
4. What does Washington say about the beds he slept on in the woods, and about the food?
5. How did Washington's trials and hardships at this time make him stronger for his future great work for his country?

6. In imagination go with him and his companions on the long journey to the French fort. How did the French treat him?
7. Tell about the unfriendly Indian guide who tried to kill Washington.
8. Try to frame a good mental picture of the way in which he had a narrow escape from drowning and tell all you see in your picture.
9. How did he and Gist spend the night after they made this escape?
10. What do you admire in Washington? Do you think you would have enjoyed knowing him as a friend?
11. What kind of boy was Benjamin Franklin? Do you think you would like just such a boy if he were in your school?
12. Try to get a good mental picture of him as he walked along the streets of Philadelphia after arriving there early on Sunday morning.
13. Tell about Franklin's struggles after he married Deborah Read and how she helped him to win success.
14. You will find it a good plan to memorize and practise some of the rules he made and also some of the homely maxims he wrote for "Poor Richard's Almanac."
15. How did Franklin prove that electricity was the same thing as the lightning we see in the clouds? Tell what he did with his kite?
16. What do you mean by his "Plan of Union"?
17. What kind of man was Braddock? What do you think was the cause of his defeat? What can we all learn from him?
18. Who were the Acadians? Why did the English move them away from their homes and scatter them among the English colonies? Do you think this was fair to them?
19. What kind of man was Wolfe and why did his soldiers love him?
20. What great thing was he trying to do for his country and what trials did he pass through in carrying out his plan?
21. Imagine yourself standing by his side on that starlit night as the boats float slowly down the St. Lawrence River. Listen to his quiet voice as he repeats the words of a poem he loved and then follow him up the rocky heights to the field of battle. What happened to him and what were his last words?
22. What kind of man was the French commander, Montcalm? What were his last words?

CHAPTER XXIII

SPANISH LIFE IN THE SOUTHWEST

SPANISH LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

ABOUT the time that the English and the French were striving for mastery in the country east of the Mississippi, Spanish missionaries were making conquests of another kind in the land bordering on the Pacific coast. Six years after the last French War the first Spanish mission in California was founded at San Diego (1769). Before the close of the century, seventeen more were established, and still later three others, making twenty-one in all. At that time this vast territory belonged to Spain.

The Franciscan priests, who had charge of the missions, were called *padres*, which is the Spanish word for fathers, and the converted Indians were called "neophytes." While the purpose of the *padres* was to make the Indians Christians, Spain was expecting that the missions would prepare the territory for colonies.

The twenty-one missions extended from San Diego on the south to Sonoma, not far beyond San Francisco on the north, forming a chain 700 to 800 miles long. It was a day's journey from any mission to the next one to the north or the south. They were vast estates, some of them covering forty square miles in area; not much like the small farms nestling

among the hills and valleys of New England, nor even like the large tobacco plantations in Virginia.

The mission buildings were in the form of a quadrangle around a cloistered court with gardens. Sometimes there



Why do Californians love the early missions?

were beautiful flowers in the gardens and a fountain playing in the centre. The building included apartments for the padres, workshops, storerooms, hospitals, and rooms for the married Indians. The whole was enclosed by a high fence or wall.

But we almost forget to think of the size of the missions and mission buildings when we come to know something about the people who lived in them—hundreds and even thousands of Indian converts, and the mis-

sionaries who for years guided and controlled them. Let us make the journey and see for ourselves what the daily life really was in a California mission. On a beautiful summer afternoon when the sun is nearing the western horizon, we are riding along a rough, dusty road. Having travelled all day, a distance of over thirty miles, we notice with pleasure that we are approaching a group of buildings in a valley. Their snow-white walls and red-tiled roofs have an air of comfort, and we urge our horses forward, for we know that what we see is a mission and that there we shall receive a friendly welcome.

According to their custom, the padres greet us cordially, set excellent food before us, and provide restful beds where we shall sleep quietly after we have given our hosts news from the outside world. They consider such news a sufficient return for their hospitality, because it is mainly from the chance traveller that they learn what is taking place in other lands.

After much good talk and gossip, we retire at nine o'clock, for that is the hour when the iron gates are locked and all the Indians are supposed to be in bed. We know, too, that the rising bell will ring early, and we plan to observe the life of the mission throughout the day.

The angelus awakens us at sunrise to attend morning prayers. Quietly we follow, as the Indians pass into the church for the hour of service and instruction.

The second ringing of the bell is the call for breakfast, which consists of thick barley or corn-meal gruel.

At the end of about three-quarters of an hour the bell rings again and the Indians go in groups to their various tasks. We notice that with them there are soldiers who seem to be overseers. The soldiers are stationed by the government at the missions to protect them against attack from without and to keep good order among the Indians.

Let us visit the different groups in turn, going first to

the women's quarters. Some are spinning wool and weaving it into blankets of bright colors; some are making clothing of the blankets, for the women make all the clothing worn by the Indians in the missions; and some are knitting, or embroidering beautiful altar-cloths, for, although the living quarters of the priests are very plain, the churches are adorned with rich furnishings.



From "Romantic California," by Ernest Perotto.

The mission bells

We catch the fragrance of roasting grain, and turn to see a group pounding or crushing barley and corn into meal for the gruel which is so important an article of diet. The kitchen is even more attractive, because there the women are making cakes of chocolate and other dainties; you see, these people lived well.

In the many shops Indians are working at various trades under the instruction of skilled artisans who have been brought to the mission for that purpose. There are masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and coopers. Some are tanning hides for leather; others are making the finished leather into shoes or bridles. It will interest you to know that all the work of building the missions was done by the Indians, and also that they built the little huts and adobe cabins in which married Indians lived outside the mission enclosure.

Leaving these hives of industry, we pass on to the open fields, where hundreds of Indians are raising vegetables and fruit in the gardens and orchards. We see plum, peach, and apple trees, with their ripening fruit; orchards of silver-leaved olive-trees; fragrant orange and lemon groves; vineyards of grapes; and acres of golden, shimmering grain. We see, also, thousands of horses, cows, mules, and sheep grazing peacefully in the fields. It is indeed a delightful picture.

Under watchful masters the work goes on quietly and steadily until at eleven o'clock the ringing of a bell from the mission belfry announces the midday meal. Again all

have the same food, a kind of gruel, much like that eaten in the morning, but made thicker by the addition of peas, beans, lentils, or meat.

At two o'clock the bell again summons to work, and as the hot afternoon wears on mules are sent into the fields bearing jars of sweetened water and vinegar to refresh the workers. At sunset the angelus calls them to evening prayers.

After prayers there follows a light evening meal, and then come games and dancing. At nine o'clock all go to bed for the night.

Such is the plan of work, worship, meals, and rest which these Indian converts follow every working day throughout the year. There are no idlers. All work without hesitation or complaint. It is indeed a wonderful sight, for there are hundreds of Indians in the mission. Sometimes there are three or four thousand at the larger ones.

Every mission, we are told, is self-supporting—that is, it produces most of what it uses—although a few necessary things are received in trade, when foreign ships come into near-by harbors. The missions export large quantities of olive-oil, wine, tallow, and hides, and the income from this source goes to the support of the mission and to the Spanish Government.

The trader, like the traveller, is always a welcome guest, for he also brings news from the outside world. While the ships remain in the harbor, the padres sometimes dine

with the traders in the ship's cabin; or, more frequently perhaps, the traders are invited to dinner at the mission. There they are given much freedom, but they are expected to attend mass.



Compare the dress of these first Californians with that of to-day.

Having spent a most enjoyable day at the mission, we are off early the next morning. The kind padres speed us on our journey with fresh horses, and we travel northward along a well-marked road which leads to the next mission. From time to time we meet a clumsy ox-cart

piled high with tallow and hides jolting onward to the coast, or a lone horseman, or possibly a foot traveller with a pack on his back.

To our left, as we gallop along, we look out on the silvery waters of the Pacific, and to our right, far away, we see snow-clad mountains. Near by on our approach to the next mission we gaze on fields of grain, herds of cattle, more orchards of fruit, and vineyards. Alighting at the gate, we hand over our horses to waiting Indians, enjoy another night's hospitality, and by the following day bring our visit to an end.

Besides what we have seen, we have learned other facts of interest about the mission. For instance, at San Gabriel, there were at one time 2,000 horses and mules, 14,000 sheep, and 25,000 cattle; and at San Diego, 26,000 head of cattle, horses, and sheep.

All profits of the mission are either put into making better buildings or into a fund belonging to the neophyte Indians themselves. The padres receive no pay for what they do. Their desire is to make Christians of the Indians, and to train them to habits of work.

We notice that the Indians are treated like children, as indeed they are. They have to do just what they are told or they are severely punished. And yet they seem, as a rule, to be content with their lot and even happy in obeying those who are their teachers and their taskmasters.

Above all, our visit to the California missions has im-

pressed us with their great industry and prosperity. They not only gave a religious training to thousands of Indian men and women; they also put extensive areas of new land under cultivation, built up a light commerce with foreign lands, and furnished stations of entertainment where scattered settlers and other travellers found a friendly welcome. And most remarkable of all, at a time when hostile, savage Indians were roving the plains, the gentler tribes of the coast were living a peaceful and productive life in close touch with the civilized ways of the white men. Such is the story of the early Spanish settlements in California.

SPANISH LIFE IN NEW MEXICO

In New Mexico the Spanish missions differed greatly from those we have just visited in California. Here were no landed estates managed by padres and worked by neophytes; yet the natives were induced to give up their wild, roving habits and live a settled life in the village where the mission was located. In every village a church was built where the padre preached and taught.

As a rule he was a kind-hearted man, for whom the Indians tilled a little piece of land and gave their services in his household and in the church.

The missions in New Mexico were established much earlier than were those in California. In 1630, or 139 years before the beginning of the first California mission at San Diego, fifty missionaries in New Mexico were serving 60,000

neophytes in ninety mission-villages. During the eighteenth century the number of missions was reduced from forty to twenty-five, and the neophytes from 15,000 to 10,000.

SPANISH LIFE IN TEXAS

Unlike the far-spread missions in California, which were a day's journey apart, the missions in Texas were built close together in groups, so that they could quickly unite and help each other in case of danger. This was because the Indians in Texas were warlike. The principal groups, the Apaches and the Comanches, were so savage that the missionaries who went among them were in danger of their lives.

In most cases a presidio, or fort, stood near each exposed group of missions, and, if there was no presidio, there was usually a small guard of soldiers to protect the mission and the mission-village.

The most interesting group of these missions was located at San Antonio. Here in 1689 the first Spaniards arrived, and in time five missions were established, the most noted of which was the Al'a-mo. Its gray walls stand in the centre of the city to-day, calling to mind many interesting stories of history.

One of the San Antonio missions was called La Concepcion. A report made by the missionaries in 1762, nearly seventy-five years after the first mission was started, gives

us a good picture of the village and of the life and work of that time.

This report tells us that the mission-village Indians lived in two rows of stone houses or huts, and that the houses were



E. O. Reiss, Ill. - East Appleton.

From "Our Hispanic Southwest," by Ernest Peixotto.

The Alamo.

furnished with pots, boilers, flat earthen pans, and other household utensils. The village was surrounded by a stone wall for its defense and protection. It had its enclosed fields, the needed water, supplied by an irrigation ditch, and a ranch with huts for those who tended the herds and

flocks; for there were on this ranch, in 1762, 200 horses, 110 hogs, 610 cattle, and 2200 goats and sheep. Its one-room granary could store a food-supply of 80,000 pounds of corn and 5,000 pounds of beans.

We must remember that it was not easy for the Indians to give up their free, roving habits and live in the mission-villages. To persuade them, the missionaries had to give them presents besides the food necessary to satisfy them. Every Sunday and on some special feast days four or five head of cattle were killed and a feast spread for the hundreds of neophytes of a mission-village. There would also be pumpkins, beans, and melons grown in the mission gardens, and pepper, salt, and sugar, which were not so easy to get in those days as they are now.

Out of cotton and wool the women made such needful articles of clothing and protection as shawls, light scarfs, coarse cloths, and blankets.

Of course many products of the Indians' labor were used for themselves, but some things were sold to get money for buying what the mission-village workers could not produce. These included cloths, flannels, hats, knives, boilers, pots, flat-earthen pans, tobacco, glass beads, hatchets, crow-bars, pickaxes, bridles, thread, needles, saddles, and other things that were needed in the household or for work in the fields or in putting up buildings.

The Indians learned many industries. Besides farmers there were weavers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons.

So they were able to build their own houses, plant and till their fields, and irrigate their crops, gather in the grain, and look after the cattle. But, although the natives could do all these things and were trained to habits of work, they never made good workers.

Yet the padres toiled hard to make them Christians. They were taught to recite in concert the Christian doctrine according to the catechism, and they had to go every day to religious services in the morning before work began and in the evening after it ended.

More than twenty-five missions and presidios were founded in Texas, mostly in 1690–1720, but they were not successful. So far as we know, only 2,000 to 2,500 Indians lived in the mission-villages in 1762, the time of our earliest records, and by 1785 the number had dwindled to between 450 and 500. Worse still, the character of the neophytes failed more rapidly than their numbers lessened. In 1794 the first step was taken which led to doing away with the missions in 1812. Spain had spent so much money and effort upon her missions and presidios that she did little in planting and building up settlements as compared with what the French did in Canada and the English in what is now the United States. The Spaniards were not successful as colony planters.

OUR COUNTRY

• While the Spanish padres were working in the missions and the mission-villages of California, New Mexico, and

Texas the English, as we have learned, were building up permanent settlements on the Atlantic coast, and the French in Canada and the Mississippi valley. We have also learned that these two peoples fought a seven years' war against each other (1756-1763) for control of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. In this war the English came out ahead.

Twelve years later the English colonies joined together in a struggle against England herself. As a result of that war, which you will learn about in your later reading, the colonies freed themselves from England. These American states, thirteen in number, afterward joined one another to form the United States and became a nation by themselves. Many other states are now in this Union.

This United States is your country and mine. Let us all be loyal to it and give it our best service.

Although we cannot do great things, we can be honest and true, and live up to the motto that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." By living and working in this way, whether at home or at school, we can make ourselves useful citizens. We can be loyal to our flag and to our country. Let us never forget that a great and good nation is made only of great and good men and women.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. How many Spanish missions were there in California, and what was their purpose?
2. Tell as much as you can about the mission buildings and the occupations of the neophyte Indians.

3. Imagine yourself spending a day in a mission and describe what you see there.
4. How many people lived in some of the largest missions?
5. What good things did the missions accomplish in California?
6. In what important ways did those in New Mexico differ from those in California?
7. Why were the missions in Texas generally built in groups?
8. What was the purpose of the presidio?
9. Can you think of some things you can do to make yourself a useful and loyal citizen?

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